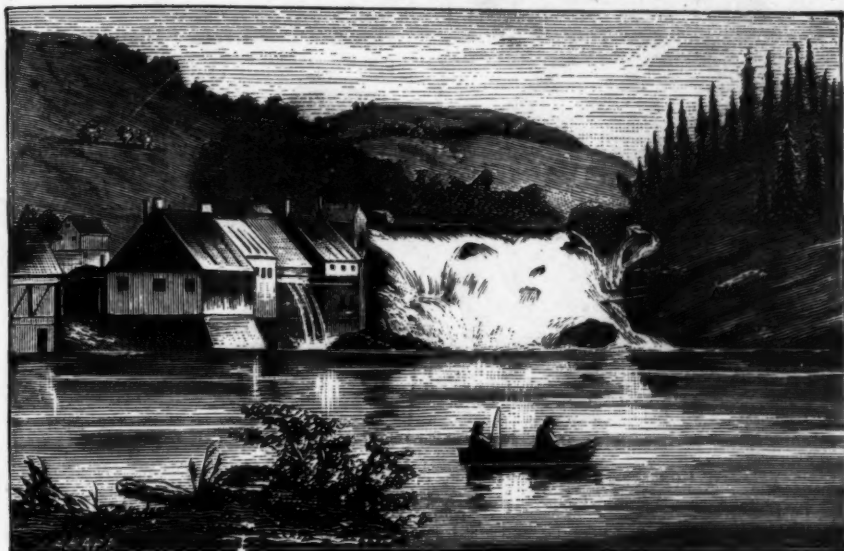


# NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1878.

## THE ROYAL ROAD OF NORWAY.



MILL AND WATERFALL AT TRONDHJEM.

WHEN crossing that section of the North Sea lying between Lubeck and Copenhagen, a young Hamburg merchant took a seat near me and my outspread books and maps, and helped Consul-general Murphy and myself to lay out our tour through Norway.

"What I can not tell you," said he, after giving us all the information he could, "you will learn from Bennet and his books. Bennet, you know, lives in Christiania; you can not miss him."

Now this was the first time I had ever heard of Bennet, but it was by no means the last. The nearer we approached Christiania, the more we heard of him; and as low down as Copenhagen the name of Bennet seemed to be inseparably connected with

Norwegian travel. It was always assumed, when speaking of this region in the North, that we were thoroughly posted on him. Of course, after reaching Christiania, his name was on all lips. It was as familiar there as "Baldwin" and his stage line are at Fort Ticonderoga.

But what has Bennet to do with the royal road of Norway?

A great deal, as any one would find out who should undertake to travel that road and ignore him. You might almost as well attempt, in crossing the Atlantic, to ignore captain or pilot. This Bennet is an Englishman or Scotchman, who went to Norway about thirty-five years ago, and, seeing the lack of conveniences for traveling in that, until then, almost unvisited region, set him-



TRAVELING BY CARIOLE.

self to work first, to make the country known and attractive to all tourists, and then to make himself an absolute necessity to every man, woman, or child who should set out to travel through it. He commenced in a small way, but is now the proprietor of the best carioles—those little topless, one-horse gigs, more like a lady's slipper, heel foremost, than any other familiar object I know of—that are used in the country. He is the publisher and salesman of numerous maps, guide-books, photographic views, dictionaries, and grammars of the Scandinavian tongues, and works of travel, history, and romance. Indeed, he is the provider of all things that a traveler in that region can possibly desire, either for entertainment or necessity.

Consul-general Murphy and I went in search of his place of business in one of the main streets of Christiania, passing it, however, several times before finding it. At last, after many inquiries, we discovered

that it had to be entered from the rear, by a little rickety stair-way, like one that I used to be specially familiar with that ran up the outside of an old Maryland barn. Then we threaded through piles of knapsacks, harness, old Scandinavian relics, books, pamphlets, papers, and indescribable *bric-a-brac*, and were at last welcomed, not by Bennet, but by a pleasing young lady, who served in his stead. This was the first room. Then came another of more imposing pretensions, and then a third, a grand room, where Bennet himself came to our relief, and where we found him ready to talk with us by the hour. This Bennet will tell you about any mountain, waterfall, or ruin in Norway; change any sort of money you have for any other sort you may want; sell you any book, from his own little phrase-book and *Traveler's Guide to Murray's Guide* and the great government maps; explain and dispose of all kinds of Scandinavian photographs, articles illustrating Norse

customs and history as remote as you please, curiosities and relics of all varieties; sell india-rubber overcoats, blankets, whips, and harness; hire or sell you a cariole, or twenty-nine if you wish; fit you or your beast up with a plenteous larder for a fortnight's jaunt; take care of all your luggage, and receive your letters until you come back again; give you a little lunch at once, if you desire; tell you the latest news while you are enjoying your rare-bit; give you all due information about passports, trains, balking horses, and the currency of the country; and then promise to see you off the next morning—and mind you, Bennet always keeps his word—bid you

good-bye, slip into your hand some useful letters of introduction to hotel proprietors, guides, and others, and make you as comfortable as he can every mile of your Norwegian tour.

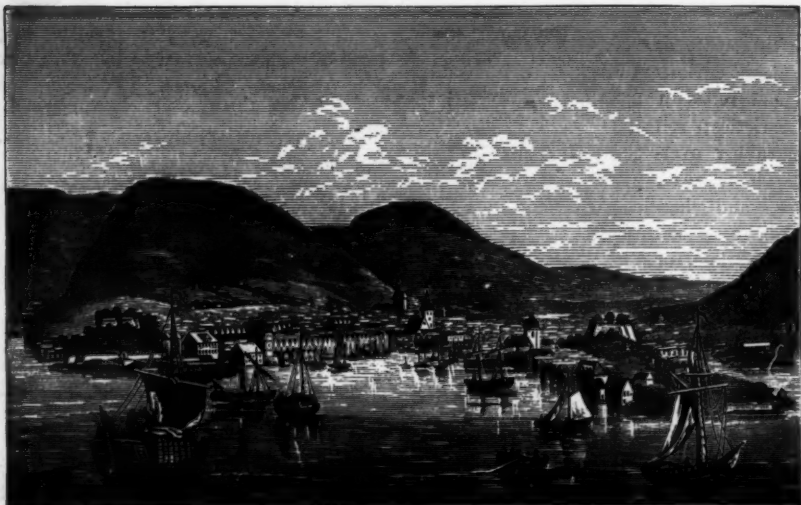
All this, and more than I dare say here, Bennet was to us. He is a small man, about sixty years old now, slightly stooping, of few words, and perhaps still covered with a little well-worn gray cap. Who will take his place when he is gone nobody can tell. His monument ought to be erected at Hamnæst, where, at least one day in the year,



CATHEDRAL OF TRONDHJEM.

the sun will not set on it. He is very dear to all Norseland, and Norwegian children will be named after him for a century to come.

But for Bennet we should not have traveled along Norway's Royal Road. And what is this Royal Road? It is the direct way between the two capitals of Norway—the modern Christiania of the South and calm, ancient Trondhjem of the North. Many a weary mile separates the two; but unless one has compassed this distance, either on foot or in jolting cariole, he can lay no claim to having seen the country.



BERGEN.

Trondhjem is regarded by the loyal Norwegian with peculiar reverence. It was founded by the celebrated King Olaf Trygvason, in the year 997, upon the site of the ancient city of Nidaros. With Olaf and his remarkable history the career of Norway itself is singularly connected. He was the first Christian king of the country. Though born a prince, his mother saved him from death by the hand of a rival house, by flee-

ing with him, when very young, from the country. The mother and child were captured on the sea by pirates, and separated and sold as slaves. But a relative discovered the place where Olaf lived, and redeemed him. He afterward became a mighty sea-king,—pirate, if you please,—married an Irish princess, embraced Christianity, and then fought his way to the Norwegian throne. The king now became a missionary, and, un-

sheathing his sword, gave all his subjects the choice between death and Christianity. This vigorous procedure made Norway a Christian land. In 998 Olaf destroyed the great temple of Thor and Odin, in Trondhjem, with all the cherished idols that it contained. Trondhjem remained the



A STREET SCENE IN BERGEN.



capital of the country down to the time of the union of Norway and Denmark, when Christiania became the capital. The two capitals of Norway have different purposes, and represent different associations. Christiania represents the union with another state, and is the seat of the National Assembly, the university, and the best collections of art and industry. It is Norway's point of contact with the modern world. But Trondhjem represents her contact with the remote past. All her kings must pass

When the Swedish king is crowned in Stockholm, that is sufficient for his title to rule in Sweden; but it is only when he has gone over the long distance to Trondhjem, and has received the crown from the hands of the resident archbishop that he can claim the right to rule over Norway.

The first view of Lake Miosen is charming. The shores are in most places gentle, though here and there a mountain spur on the west side dips its deep-green firs boldly into the water's edge. I was repeatedly re-



A NORWEGIAN GLACIER.

far up to the quiet place, and be crowned in this venerable cathedral, near the shrine of St. Olaf. A perfect analogy to this duplicate capital in Norway exists in Russia. St. Petersburg is the seat of government, but all the emperors must be crowned at the place which is identified most intimately with the national history and faith. This is Moscow; and Moscow's heart is the ancient Kremlin. It is the Mecca of all the Russias.

Denmark is now an independent country, with its own royal family. But though Sweden and Norway are ruled by the same king, each country has the anomaly of a separate legislative body, Sweden's being in the Swedish capital, Stockholm, and Norway's being, as we said, in Christiania.

When we were ascending this charming sheet of water. It branches off in several places, and lovely islands appear here and there. Say not that nature has no sympathies. At the time of the great Lisbon earthquake, on the 1st of November, 1755, Lake Miosen was so agitated that its waters rose twenty feet. At the middle of the lake is the site of old Stov Hammer, once a town of large size and national importance, but burned and plundered by the Swedes in 1567. The only permanent ruin remaining is a fragment of the once beautiful cathedral. On the Island of Helgeo are the ruins of the old Castle of Haco IV. The upper end of the lake, however, is not



THE BJORNÄ ELF CASCADE.

so beautiful or historical as the lower part, and is rudely mountainous. Our steamer was well laden with all the paraphernalia for traveling, such as carioles, large carriages, and all manner of fishing apparatus. Our dinner was good, and keenly relished. Fish of the country constituted the main dish, and better than was here served I have never tasted.

We reached Lillehammer, at the head of the lake, in the evening, and found comfortable lodgings in Madame Ormsrud's Hotel, to which Bennet had sent us, provided with a letter of introduction, that surrounded us with smiles, plenty, and comfort. Here we felt more at home than at any other place

since we had been among the Norsemen. Almost every part of the house was at our disposal, and the table was spread from morning until night. The next morning being Sunday, we went to the village church, expecting to enjoy the privilege of public worship. But we learned, after reaching it in a drenching rain, that service was held only on alternate Sundays, and so we had to content ourselves with simply examining the simple old structure. It is of wood, and, if ever painted, is at present without any traces of it. The pulpit is very high and surrounded with some inscription in colored paint, now almost effaced by time. The pegs on which the congregation hang their hats are simply the smoothed, natural forks of branches of pine trees, nailed up for the purpose. They reminded me of the pegs on which, twenty-five years ago, I used to hang my juvenile cap in a common school-house on the eastern shore of Maryland.

The next morning, after making a few purchases, not forgetting some photographic views of the old church we had visited the day before, we began by cariole the ascent of the Gudbrandsdalen Valley. It is one hundred and sixty-eight miles long, and is one of the most beautiful in Norway. It is a picture of comfort from one end to the other, and so great is the good nature of the people, and so thorough their honesty, that you might travel the whole length of it fifty times without being put into an ill-humor or having a cent overcharged you. We passed picturesque side-valleys making into ours, cascades, cozy country homes, and well-cultivated fields during the whole of the day. At some places we were unwilling to hurry by, and, therefore, walked up the hills to get a view, clambering to the very spray of the cascades, strolling leisurely



MILL AND WATERFALL IN GUDBRANDSDALEN.

through the primitive grave-yards of the village churches, and reading the odd inscriptions on the heavy, moss-grown, weather-beaten tombstones. The houses are mostly roofed with earth, which serves the purpose of both warmth and durability. These roofs are generally overgrown with moss and weeds. From one, a very garden of wild flowers, I gathered a few for my herbarium.

Here is the very center of Norwegian sim-

along in his cariole he sees but few buildings to remind him of antiquity. But in the quaint life of the people there is an antiquity more remote than you can discover in stone or wood. The cascades, rickety bridges, humble mills, and simple post-houses, become familiar scenes; yet each one having a charm not possessed by any passed before.

All who are familiar with the history of Norway will recall the part taken by the

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RUNIC INSCRIPTION IN THE CHURCH AT FLADDAHLEN.

plicity. The peasantry still preserve the Christmas usages of the olden times. The marriage and funeral customs have descended from the more distant past. As one goes

unfortunate Colonel Sinclair, a Scotchman, who, in 1612, aided Gustavus Adolphus in his war against the Norwegians. Just after we had passed the village of Solheim, we

came to the steep hill of Kringelen, the scene of the massacre of Sinclair and his bold company. A simple post marks the spot where this tragical event occurred.

among the party; but Mrs. Sinclair mistook his object, and shot him dead.

I was struck with the absence of old castles; not one was to be seen, not even a

## †NNNNR BIRN PNNI B'Y.

RUNIC INSCRIPTION ON THE BELL OF THE CHURCH IN OMMERDALEN.

The plan of Sinclair was to land in Norway, and fight his way across to Sweden. But at Kringelen a body of peasants had piled a great mass of rocks and trees on the mountain above the road by which Sinclair and his men were coming, and when the Scotch reached the place the peasants hurled their terrible missiles down upon them. Only two of the Scotch survived. Laing, in his "Norway," reports a touching incident in

walled town. Indeed, few had existed in this region. If attacked, nothing was left to the old Norsemen but to take to the sea; hence, their necessity became a stepping-stone to their world-wide celebrity. Laing says (I translate from the German edition of his work): "On my way to Laurgaard, I have seen no old building, no cottage, no castle, no village church, no bridge, or any other edifice from the very early times. Every thing seems to belong to the present generation. Even the heights, which in other European countries present ruins of castles, have never been built upon in this way. The division of property among children probably prevented the nobles connected with the royal family from erecting such buildings of stone. And, in fact, stone, although being found in super-abundance, is very hard and expensive to work, and it would have been impossible to divide such a structure, after the death of its possessor, among the children. Wood has always been the usual building material for all kinds of structures, from the royal palace to the peasant's hut. It abounds every-where in superfluity, and is cheap. This circumstance has been more important in deciding the fate of the country than would appear at first glance. The nobles had no strong fortresses in which they could protect themselves and their followers. Whenever they were overcome by a stronger neighbor or were involved in conflict with their king, all they had to do was to take refuge in their ships. The nobles oppressed by King Harald, the fair-haired, were the so-called sea-kings, and plundered other countries, because they were devoid of stone castles in which they, like the magnates in other parts of Europe, could bid defiance to attack. The king himself had no power, hardly even security, ex-



BRIDE AND GROOM.

connection with the tragedy. Sinclair's wife accompanied him on the expedition. A young peasant intended to join them in their attack, but was prevented from doing so by the girl to whom he was to be wedded the next day; she sent her betrothed to protect one of her own sex who she heard was





A RURAL FOOT-BRIDGE.

cept in the good will of his people. Harald's son, Eric, was merely exiled because the people were against him. St. Olaf lost his power by the loss of popular favor, and received no support from his subjects against Canute. Probably the same cause prevented Norway from suffering many of those intestine troubles which raged in the Middle Ages in all other countries."

Mr. Laing has contributed largely to our

knowledge of the heroic period of Scandinavian history by translating Snorro Sturtson's "Heimskringla;" or, Sagas of the Kings of Norway. Mr. Emerson, in his "English Traits," almost saves the general reader the trouble of reading Sturtson's work by the following excellent summary of the equality of prince and peasant in those early days in Norway. He draws, also, these conclusions from the "Heimskringla," which, to the An-



ULNAES CHURCH IN WALDERS.

glo-Saxon, is of hardly less interest than to the Norwegian himself, as it is the Iliad and Odyssey of English history:

"The Sagas describe a monarchical republic, like Sparta. The government disappears before the importance of citizens. In Norway, no Persian masses fight and perish to aggrandize a king; but the actors are bonders or land-holders, every one of whom is named, and personally and patronymically described as the king's friend and companion. A sparse population gives this

farmers, whom the rough times have forced to defend their properties. They have weapons which they use in a determined manner, by no means for chivalry, but for their acres. They are people considerably advanced in rural arts, living amphibiously on a rough coast, and drawing half their food from the sea, and half from the land. They have herds of cows, and malt, wheat, bacon, butter, and cheese. They fish in the fiord, and hunt the deer. A king among these farmers has a varying power, sometimes not exceeding the



UNWILLINGNESS.

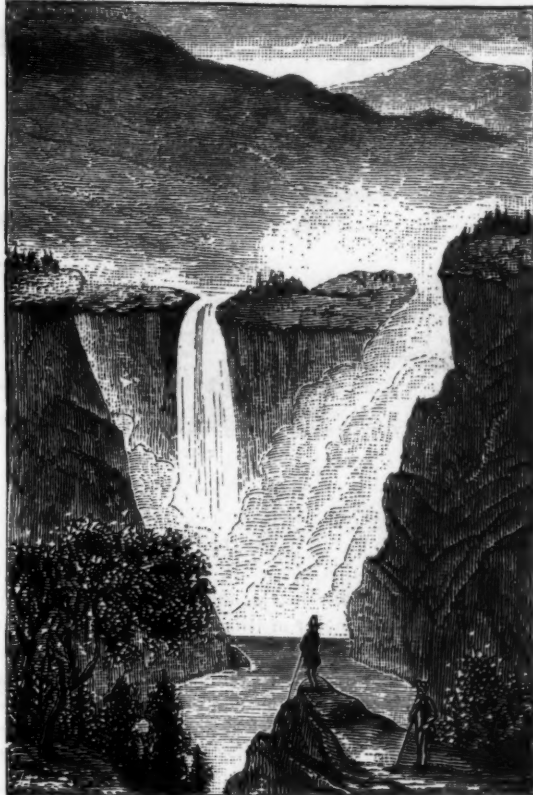
high worth to every man. Individuals are often noticed as very handsome persons, which trait only brings the story nearer to the English race. Then the solid material interest predominates, so dear to English understanding, wherein the association is logical between merit and land. The heroes of the Sagas are not the knights of South Europe. No vamping of France and Spain has corrupted them. They are substantial

authority of a sheriff. A king was maintained much as, in some of our country districts, a Winter school-master is quartered, a week here, a week there, and a fortnight on the next farm. This the king calls going into guest-quarters; and it was the only way in which, in a poor country, a poor king, with many retainers, could be kept alive, when he leaves his own farm to collect his dues through the kingdom.

"These Norsemen are excellent persons in the main, with good sense, steadiness, wise speech, and prompt action. But they have a singular turn for homicide; their chief end of man is to murder, or to be murdered; oars, scythes, harpoons, crow-bars, peat-knives, and hay-forks are tools valued by them all the more for their charming aptitude for assassinations. A pair of kings, after dinner, will divert themselves by thrusting each his sword through the other's body, as did Yugve and Alf. Another pair ride out on a morning for a frolic, and, finding no weapon near, will take the bits out of their horses' mouths, and crush each other's heads with them, as did Abrie and Eric. The sight of a tent-cord or a clout-string puts them on hanging somebody—a wife or a husband, or, best of all, a king. If a farmer has so much as a hay-fork, he sticks it into a King Day. King Ingiald finds it vastly amusing to burn up half a dozen kings in a hall, after getting them drunk. Never was poor gentleman so surfeited with life, so furious to be rid of it as the Northman. If he can not pick any other quarrel, he will get himself comfortably gored by a bull's horns, like Egil, or slain by a land-slide, like the agricultural King Onund. Odin died in his bed, in Sweden; but it was a proverb of ill-condition, to die the death of old age. King Hake, of Sweden, cuts and slashes in battle, as long as he can stand, then orders his war-ship, loaded with his dead men and their weapons, to be taken out to sea, the tiller shipped and the sails spread; being left alone, he sets fire to some tar-wood, and lies down contented on deck. The wind blew off the land, the ship flew, burning in clear flame, out between the islets into the ocean, and there was the right end of King Hake.

"The early sagas are sanguinary and pirat-

ical; the later are of a noble strain. History rarely yields us better passages than the conversation between King Siguard, the Crusader, and King Eystein, his brother, on

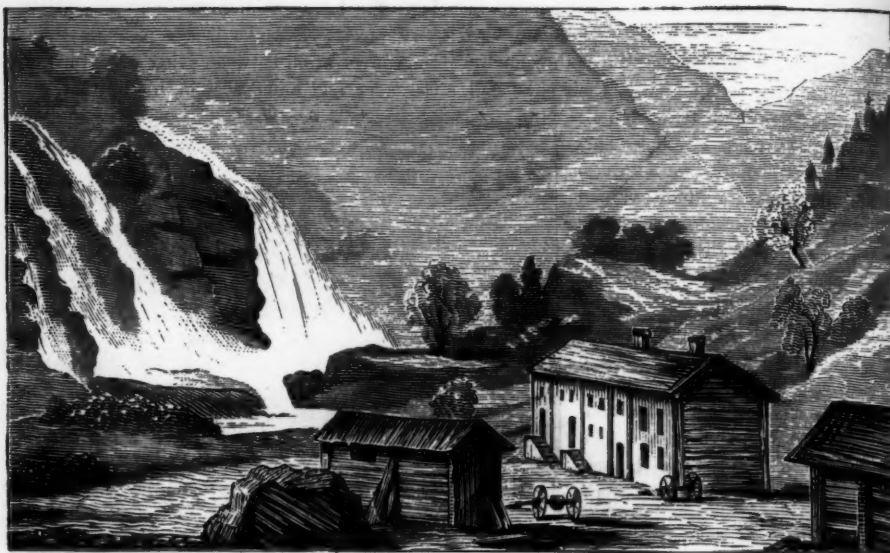


CASCADE AT TELLEMARKEN.

their respective merits, one, the soldier, and the other, a lover of the arts of peace."\*

After leaving the long valley which began at Lillehammer, the roads begin to ascend a succession of hills, which only terminate when Trondhjem is reached. The first ascent is up and over the Dovre Fjeld, from which you get magnificent views of a vast expanse of country. The post-house of Jerkin furnishes you with all that a tired traveler needs—good food, a comfortable bed, and a kind host. Murray represents this host as a model in his way, and certainly, we

\*"English Traits" (London Edition), pp. 32-34.



POST-HOUSE AT RAMSDALEN.

found no better in Norway. The Jerkin post-station dates from the twelfth century. The ascent of the great Sneehøtten Mountain is made from this place. It is one of the chief peaks in Scandinavia, and has veritable glaciers and never-melting fields of ice. Its summit consists of an extinct volcano. The mountain is seven thousand-seven hundred and fourteen feet high, and the view from the top is hardly excelled by any other in Norway.

On returning to Jerkin, and resuming the main road to Trondhjem, the country still retains its wild and mountainous character. Deep-green fir-forests, vast boulders of gneiss

and granite, long and dark ravines, peasant cottages, grazing herds, waterfalls of fabulous descent, and well-cultivated fields continue in rapid succession. Ovne, Garlid, Soknoes, Volan, and Onst are the chief stations where you stop, and change horses, and get a homely lunch. By and by the road descends, you pass the ruins of some old-time fortifications, and a broad bay suddenly spreads out before you. You see the spires of ancient Trondhjem in the distance, and know, now, that you have compassed the whole length of Norway's Royal Road, a distance of three hundred and forty English miles.

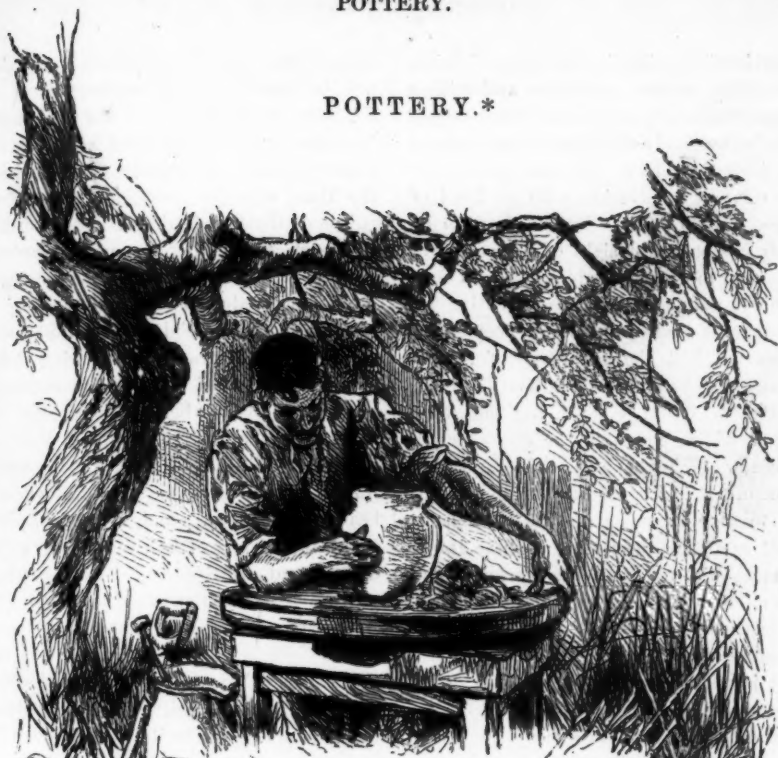
#### PILGRIMAGE.

WITH pilgrim staff and hat I went  
 Afar through Orient lands to roam.  
 My years of pilgrimage are spent  
 And this the word I bring you home:  
 The pilgrim's staff you need not crave  
 To find Christ's cradle or his grave;  
 But seek within you;—there shall be  
 His Bethlehem and his Calvary!

O heart, what helps it to adore  
 His cradle where the sunshine glows?  
 Or what avail to kneel before  
 The grave where long ago he rose?  
 That he should find in thee a birth,  
 That thou shouldst seek to die to earth  
 And live to him;—this, this must be  
 Thy Bethlehem and thy Calvary.



## POTTERY.\*



## Keramos.

AT the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, a gentleman of character and intelligence was standing in Memorial Hall. "I can understand," he said, pointing to Müller's "Roll-call of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror of '93," "that it requires a great deal of skill, dramatic power of expression, and all of that, to paint that picture. I comprehend what is meant by art when looking at works by Kaulbach,

Meissonnier, and other masters of the brush; but it is not clear to me what is meant by the 'application of art to industry,' which you talk about, and which I read about now and then. How are you going to apply this sort of thing to the corn-shellers, bedsteads, pianos, steam engines, china urns, and so on, over in the other buildings?" Such questions are often asked and seldom answered. What, it may be asked, is meant by the application of art to industry?

Industry is work. It is the action of the muscular and moral forces of man applied

\*In this article we have availed ourselves of the two recent American works on Ceramics. Prime (Wm. C.) "Pottery and Porcelain" (New York, 1878, Harper & Brothers; Elliott (Chas. W.) "Pottery and Porcelain" (New York, 1878, D. Appleton & Co.)—both

excellent works, and supplementing each other so well that the student of ceramics needs both. For duplicates of the illustrations we are indebted to the politeness of the publishers of Dr. Prime's work, Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

to production. Art is also a production, but within certain conditions and with a certain definite object in view, which we call grace, beauty, and such other terms as express something attractive. It is the province of art to invest production with an ideal of perfection. Yet this relation of art to industry has been lost sight of by us Americans. Our mechanic has hitherto been more ingenious than artistic. His inventive faculty exceeds that of any other people, but he has not had the advantage of artistic training and influence. He has filled the world with useful labor-saving machines without adding much to the sum of grace and beauty. We put the machine in place of the man. It is the tendency of our industries to save labor by making the laborer almost as automatic as the machine itself; our mechanics are too often workmen and not artisans. Such a condition of things will in time rob us of all artistic independence and individuality.

Art is not simply an amusement, an indulgence which delights the fancy of the idle and the rich. It is decidedly practical, and concerns the well-being, the advancement, the pleasure, of the laborer and the poor. Whenever art is applied to the simplest, commonest product of labor, there will come order, intelligence, grace, and increased value. Art is not the privilege of a class; it is essentially human, and is both individual and universal. But "how can it be developed? how can it be applied? and how can it be put to the best use?" There needs be no uncertain answer. Let the experience of other nations teach us what we have to do, and how it is to be done. We need technical education in schools; the organization of societies to secure those auxiliaries for a proper study of any industry which the individual laborer is unable to provide; but especially the establishment of museums which shall be accessible to all the public; to the laborer, that he may profit by the study of the works of art of all the world, ancient or modern, contemporaneous or historical, or even prehistorical; to the public, that its taste may be elevated and enlightened; and as the laborer becomes an

artisan, the market for beautiful productions may be established and increased.

The great Exhibition of our Centennial, however much it may have embodied the more practical and utilitarian tendencies of the time, was yet most emphatically the palace of the beautiful. It has done more than almost any other agency yet employed in the United States to bring to recognition the money value of art,—the utility of beauty as a commercial article, an object of industry, a means of employing labor. What we now need are, first, museums and expositions every-where, to teach the artisan and his family the pecuniary value of making useful things beautiful, and the civilizing, refining, and elevating influences of beauty in all things; and, next, the love of the beautiful and artistic still more widely diffused and enshrined in the cottages of the poor as well as in the mansions of the rich.

The first elements of a taste for the graceful and the refined is universal, and may always be cultivated so long as the trees wave in the forest solitudes, and the flowers, "earth's stars," smile from the wayside hedges.



STAFFORDSHIRE POSSET-POT.

When the old ladies of England, at the close of the last and the beginning of this century, were ridiculed for their enthusiastic devotion to "old china," their critics knew very little of the latent force which rested in a cabinet containing a few old tea-pots and cups and saucers. A Chinese turquoise

Kylin was a hideous object to one who did not appreciate the variety of the color; but that color on a few costly specimens impelled the potters to discover its composition, and when reproduced gave bread and clothing to a hundred families. But for these collections the people of England and America might have gone on a century longer eating from cheap delft ware or pewter dishes.\*

When public museums began to show the people of England what that art had done in ancient and modern times, and when the old collections in private hands came to be exhibited in loan departments

of museums, a new era began in English ceramic art. Factories which had for more than a half century produced good plain, commercial wares, with occasional articles of great beauty, now entered into competition with the renowned fabrics of the Continent. Public taste was rapidly elevated and enlightened; a market for high art was established, and increased from year to year; books of art-students familiarized the people with the triumphs of art, and its achievements in all ages and countries were seized and utilized as aids to the new art in England. The result is the pre-eminence of English ceramic art in our day, and the creation of a vast commercial industry, employing millions of

capital, supporting thousands of families, and introducing beauty and abundant refining influences into homes all over the world. Surely he must be willfully blind who does



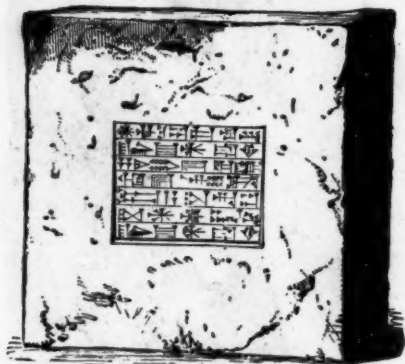
TERRA-COTTA TABLET FROM BABYLON.

not see in this history the importance of art education to the commercial prosperity of a people, and the immeasurable value to a nation's industry in the laborer's free accession to the artistic productions of all other nations.

No industry is more charmingly allied to art than that of pottery. Either in articles of beauty or of use it benefits all classes of society. In its uses pottery is the necessity of the poorest laboring man, while the plastic substance of which it is composed yields to the hand of genius the finest and highest artistic possibilities. During the history of mankind many of the industries have had periods of rise and fall, and, for a time, the most important of these have disappeared; but pottery has, in one or another condition, been continuously produced. Pottery is the oldest and the most widely diffused of human arts. Its recorded history begins with the building of Babel. Great cities in all

\*The porcelain and pottery ware of England a century ago were in general of the cheapest and commonest kinds. To-day they not only rival but surpass those of the Continental factories in every department, and illustrate the noblest and most beautiful achievements of ceramic art in all ages.

ages, notably all great American cities are vast structures of pottery. It is its own historian. Ceramic collections are libraries of history; every specimen a book of the thoughts of men, of which the earliest known were published not long after the Deluge. Well may this art be said to have begun with the very beginnings of man. A belief still exists in Silesia, that there is a mountain out of which cups and jugs spring



BABYLONIAN BAKED BRICK (WITH NAME OF NEBU-CHADNEZZAR).—Twelve inches square.

spontaneously as the mushrooms shoot from the moist soil of the plains,—a most natural tale to be told of a production so universal, and having relations daily and hourly with man's universal and greatest vocation, the preparation of the food which supports and continues *life*. The first fire that was kindled in clay soil baked the clay, and would naturally suggest to the builder of the fire that he could thus convert a soft and easily molded substance into a hard and permanent article of use. Accident might color the surface, and from such accident it was an easy step to the use of various colored clays and pigments, and then to systematic decoration. The yielding clay would assume any form that the taste of the molder might suggest, and the decoration would also indicate the taste of the sculptor or painter, however rude their ideas and unskilled their artistic ability. So it is not strange that all peoples have done something in this way, from the rude clay pots of the barbarians, through the gayly-painted dishes of the incipient civ-

ilization, up to the culmination of the art, in China, in the sixteenth century, when the manufacture of ceramics reached a point of excellence never as yet surpassed.

The methods of making pottery have varied but little among the different nations. The principal tool is the potter's wheel, a revolving disk or table, turned by the foot of the potter. The potter's wheel is one of the earliest machines made by man. The Egyptians, Mexicans, Peruvians, Greeks, Assyrians, Romans, Gauls, Germans, all used it. Older than the oldest writings of the Hebrews, through all history it has been the friend and companion of man; its products are part of his daily life; and delicate and brittle as they are, they have proved more enduring than the Pyramids. A principal agent in the manufacture of pottery is water, which is used to soften the clay that it may be plastic and thoroughly worked to uniform consistency. A lump, larger or smaller, according to the size of the vessel to be made, is thrown violently down on the center of the wheel, which is set in motion; and the thrower with thumb and fingers, curved sticks, knives, and other simple tools, shapes the vessel. Other forms are made in molds. Relief ornaments for the surface are either engraved in the mold, or are molded separately, and placed on the objects, and fastened with the slip of the paste.

When trade was established, men made pottery for sale or barter. The forms and decorations were such as would most likely prove acceptable to the purchaser. Thus prevalent styles are indications of public taste; and the work of the potter being permanent, the baked ware enduring for ages without change, the ceramic art takes very properly precedence of others as the index of human character in various ages and countries. Both the origin and growth of designs in ornament are most clearly traced in ceramic history. The first Phœnician decorations, in scratches, black lines, circles, checks, and diamonds, show early and simple forms. We find lines crossing lines, circles overlapping circles, and in these first forms we find the origin of the patterns called the "meander" (which is the immediate results



of the lines in a check pattern), and of many of the beautiful curvilinear drop and leaf patterns commonly called Etruscan. It is worthy of note, too, that these universally popular patterns are found on the old potteries of nations whose arts show no other resemblance to the arts of Phœnicia and Greece; and this

on pottery the luxuriant vines and flowers of the East, and made their mosques to shine in the sunlight resplendent with color. Assyria, Phœnicia, Italy, Germany, France, England, every country has impressed or painted characteristic thought in or on the plastic clay, and burned it for a perma-



EGYPTO-PHœNICIAN WINE-JUG.

doubtless because these ornamental lines are the natural result of straight and curved lines crossing each other, and are simple patterns in origin, commending themselves to the eye when it first begins to seek methods of varying decoration. After these and retaining them, styles of decorative art sprang up, suited to, and characteristic of, the various families of men. The Egyptians stamped on the forms of pottery imperishable illustrations of their wonderful mythology. The Greek fabrics glowed with thousands of illustrations of the gorgeous romance of Hellenic story. The Chinese spread over their enameled wares a wealth of color, surpassing gems in brilliancy, and rich with the chaotic imagery of Chinese religion and history. The Saracens interwove

on pottery the luxuriant vines and flowers of the East, and made their mosques to shine in the sunlight resplendent with color.

The ceramic art which has thus become important in ethnological study is equally important as an aid to the historian, because it is frequently the bearer of historical facts, inscribed on it in lasting characters.

The Babylonian and Ninevite libraries were pottery. Their books were plaques of clay, on which the letters were impressed, and the plaques, being baked, became such enduring pages of history that in this nineteenth century after Christ we find them as legible as when printed. Innumerable Egyptian records are found in hieroglyphic characters on the various potteries of that people. Greek story and history are abundantly illustrated on relics of Greek ceramic art. Where-

ever the Roman legions went they carried with them the art of making pottery, on which they impressed historical facts, from which the modern historian derives information otherwise unattainable. In short, it may be affirmed that next to the art of writing, and in connection with it, the ceramic art is of more importance to the student of history, and of men, than any and all the other arts.

And besides all this it may be affirmed also that no other art so fully gratifies the love of beauty. Standards of beauty are arbitrary. But the ceramic art conforms to any and every standard. The highest results of civilization may be said to appear in the best union of beauty with utility. Pottery and porcelain are thus the measure, as no other art can be, of comparative civilization. If we had no other evidence we should rank the civilization of Japan as equal to that of Europe from the exquisite splendor, beauty, and delicacy of her ceramic productions; and that such is the proper rank to be given it can not now be doubted. More than two thousand years before the Christian era the Chinese and Japanese were great potters, and had reached to a high point in form and decoration. Porcelain, the finest pottery, they began to make some two hundred years before our era. At that time our ancestors were in a state of gross barbarism; while they showed, still, taste and refinement in this in other ways. As late as the seventeenth century cups of "honest tin" or wood were used in the best castles of England, and the dishes were often square bits of board; and down even to a much later day, the fingers were used to carry the meats to the mouth. It was by the agency of the Chinese and Japanese that sculpture has found opportunity for its highest achievements in baked clay. And it is only because we are accustomed to see them in such common use that we are not enthusiastic in admiration of the beauty in form which domestic pottery and porcelain in table services constantly present to our view. Color, except in gems, is nowhere so brilliant and effective as in enamel, and many colors on enameled pottery and porcelain are more brilliant and exquisite than in gems. The most cheerful house-

hold decorations are effected by the use of such colors on walls or in cabinets. Families brought up with such articles around them feel their civilizing and refining influences. Children grow up among them with knowledge, appreciation, and love of beauty. Almost all other beauty fades or decays. Flowers are beautiful, but short-lived; and oil or water paintings of flowers on paper or on canvas change and fade. I look up as I write to a bouquet of very common but very beautiful flowers, painted more than a century ago by a great artist, on a Dresden vase, and they gleam with all the beauty of a Summer day, and will, unless the vase be broken, be as beautiful a thousand years hence, when possibly the flowers themselves will be utterly unknown except from just such paintings. A fragment of white porcelain is a gem; and if it were not a common ware, a white porcelain plate or cup would be as precious to a lover of beauty as the rarest vase of silver, gold, or jade. The table furnished with tasteful ware is bright, and ceases to be a mere feeding-place. Its memories become important possessions to the members of the family who go away. The dearest associations of old age with childhood are connected with the home table, whether its furniture was the rarest porcelain of China, or the simple and always beautiful blue and white crockery of Staffordshire. The lover of ceramic art and the collector of its treasures of beauty can afford to pity those who are unable to enter into the enjoyment which he is happy in possessing.

The earliest mention of pottery is in the Hebrew Scriptures,—the account of the building at Babel. But the first distinct mention of any earthenware vessels in use are the pitchers in which Gideon's men concealed their lamps (Judges vii, 16, 19). Pitchers and bottles are indeed mentioned earlier; but the "bottle" which contained Hagar's water (Genesis xxi, 14, 15) was undoubtedly of skin; and although Rebecca's pitcher was possibly of earthenware (xxiv, 14, 15), we can not be certain that it was so. The potter's wheel is mentioned only once in the Bible. (Jeremiah xviii, 2.)

The oldest known pottery is Egyptian.

Evidence is abundant and accumulating that Egypt was colonized from Mesopotamia. It is probable that the art went thither with the colonists; but no examples of that early work in the Euphrates Valley are now known. The line of the later history may be traced with considerable certainty. Unglazed pottery seems to be the fabric of all nations, and was made in many parts of the world as an independent discovery. It is through the line of glazed and enameled potteries that the genealogy is most interesting. That genealogy briefly stated, is this: Men made brick and other unglazed pottery in Mesopotamia, and on the dispersion carried the art with them.

At a very early date (some four thousand years ago) the art of covering pottery with enamel and painting was discovered by the Egyptians, and the beauty of their workmanship has been the envy of potters in modern times. The blue has never been surpassed, if, indeed, it has ever been equaled. Objects made at least three thousand years ago, retain the splendor of their original color. The highest art was displayed in the smallest articles, whether of soft pottery or of the sandy paste. Images of deities were molded in fair style or beautifully carved from steatite and enameled with the brilliant blue or green. The scarabæus,—the amulet, which signified, as some suppose, creation; others think, resurrection—was made in pottery as well as steatite, with different symbolic variations, but having the same general form.

Pottery was used by the ancient Egyptians for burial purposes. It was their custom to wrap the dead in shawls composed of net-work made of bugles and beads with amulets attached; and they made vases to contain those interior parts of the body, the stomach, heart, lungs, liver, and smaller intestines, which were removed before embalming, and then deposited with the mummied body, sometimes in as many as four different vases. Besides these, large numbers of smaller objects in enameled pottery were deposited with the dead. The most common were those now called Osirian figures, usually representing mummies, and were,

judging from their general similarity, probably kept on sale for funeral purposes. With the influx of Greek influence, Egyptian art rapidly declined, and the history of the Græco-Egyptian period is really a chapter in Greek art.

But the Greek vase remains to us after the lapse of two thousand years. With the Roman power came Roman art, which was, in the main, of a low order. The different disposition of their dead introduced the mortuary vase wherein they stored the ashes of the deceased.

Broken pottery they used extensively for writing purposes. At Thebes, Sakhara, and other places such fragments are abundant, on which are notes, memoranda, and other writings in black. So common are these that they clearly indicate a universal custom



GRÆCO-EGYPTIAN VASE.  
(From Tomb at Alexandria.)

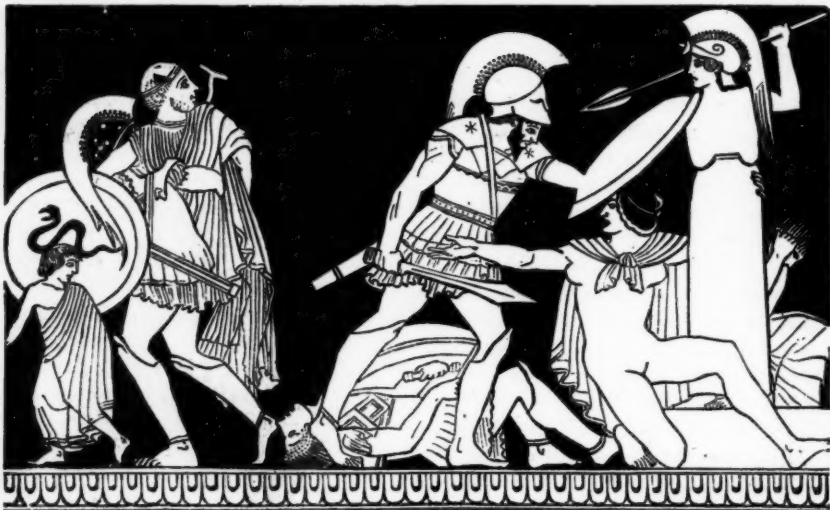
of substituting pieces of pottery for papyrus in ordinary use, as was for a time the custom also in Greece.

Nineveh and Babylon learned the manufacture of pottery in its perfected form from Egypt, and applied it on a magnificent scale to the building of great walls of enameled brick which fairly shone with the great splendor of their brilliant colors.

The Phœnicians, who, at an early date, learned to apply to the surface of pottery a

thin varnish-like luster, transmitted this art to the Greeks, and these in turn, although in rare instances using the Egyptian art of enamel, do not seem to have liked it, and did not practice it generally, confining themselves to the making of unglazed wares, or those simply painted and covered with a thin lustrous varnish, which is probably a true glaze. The art of the Egyptians, masters in pottery as they were, seems never to have reached the lightness, the delicacy, the exquisite beauty of line which yet glorify the fictile art of Greece. Nearly all the

discarded the old prevailing notion of using it for religious symbolism. Now came the idea of illustrating story. The Egyptian hieroglyphic writing, in its systems of determinations (an occasional picture to explain the definite meaning of the preceding signs), contained the very essence of the art of illustration. But Egyptian subject-painting on vases had been confined to a few rude outlines, chiefly of funereal or mythological scenes. From the date of the first painting of subjects, B. C. 544, the advance of Greek ceramic art was steadfast, until its culmina-



THE LAST NIGHT OF TROY—CASSANDRA SEIZED BY AJAX AT THE PALLADIUM.  
(From Vase at Naples.)

pieces of pottery found in Egypt belong to those things which went into the daily uses of life. But the Greeks paid regard to beauty, and made ornament in pottery a special feature, and the Greek vase has come to be a synonym for beauty of form. Not that every Greek vase is perfect—by no means; the Greeks were not born full-grown and perfect like the goddess Minerva—but that art grew and grew fast to its perfectness in that most keen and cunning Greek brain. In the course of time they came to express perfection of form in it as it had not been done before and as it has not been better done since. They also introduced into ceramic art the idea of decoration for beauty, and

tion in the productions of the fourth century before Christ—the golden age of Hellenic civilization.

Whence came all this inspiration, this perception of beauty, which made the ordinary potter an artist? No man can tell. It is not possible that the men who worked at the potter's wheel in Athens or in Samos or in Crete, were "educated," as we say it, yet it is very evident that they benefited by the culture of their surroundings.

The time of the "Fine Style" was the time of Pericles, of Aspasia, Æschylus, of Phidias; the time when the most beautiful of the beautiful Greek temples was built on the Acropolis, sacred to Minerva; when



sculpture, painting, poetry, and architecture reached their height; when the human form and the human face arrived at such a divine beauty as they had never reached since the days of Paradise, and have not again reached. In this wonderful time the Greek vase was born into its perfect form. It was usually painted black, leaving open spaces of the red on which the paintings were placed. In the best period the figures were executed in red, with the details penciled in black. Of this class we give an illustration from the "Last Night of Troy," painted on a vase now in the museum at Naples.

Among the Romans ceramics never reached any perfection—at least, no individuality. Their pottery is distinguished as heavy, clumsy in form, and the color of their clay is red, lighter or darker. The best of the Roman ware is often called *Samian*, because it was supposed to resemble that made at Samos in Greece, though it is quite different. The finest pieces approach to the color of sealing-wax, and have a luster thin and brilliant, which has given rise to some dispute whether or not it is the result of an applied mineral varnish or whether it is the product of careful hand-friction developed and perfected by a high heat. The varnish, if such, is so thin that it has not been possible to analyze and decide upon it. With the decadence of the Roman empire the decline of all the arts is marked. Pottery of the second, third, and fourth centuries of the Christian era is of small artistic importance. Among the most beautiful and important works were lamps, but even in these there is an absence of all artistic effort after the decay of the empire. We insert here one of the finest specimens extant, representing Diogenes seated in the mouth of an old broken pithos, receiving the visit of the Macedonian hero. The Greek pithos, of which this lamp ornament is a copy, was a great earthen vase or pot, built up of clay by hand around a frame, and then baked. As it sometimes reached the dimensions of over three feet in diameter and six or seven feet in height, it is plain

that it could not be turned upon the potter's wheel. It is easy, too, to understand what an excellent shelter such a pot would make



DIOGENES IN HIS TUB, OR PITHOS.  
(From a Roman Lamp.)

for such a cynical philosopher as Diogenes, who needed a very cheap rent. But if a wicked boy should throw a stone some fine morning, striking the pot in a weak spot, the rent might end in convulsion and ruin.

With the incursion of the Saracens into Europe the potter's art enters upon a new era of progress. By their brilliant productions the Oriental invaders roused the Christians to the devotion for the art, caused them to paint glaze, and then taught them how to enamel pottery. Persia probably received the art of enameling pottery from Assyria, and transmitted it to China; China gave it to Corea and Japan. Whether Persia always practiced it is doubtful; but it certainly remained in Central Asia until found there by the Arabs in the Mohammedan conquest. Whether this art was that of enamel or only the art of painting and glazing pottery can not be determined until we have fuller knowledge of the ceramic history of Central Asia. It is by some supposed that stanniferous enamel was a later independent discovery of the Saracens, and it has even been suggested that the presence of tin in Spain led to the discovery there. On the other hand, many of those specimens

of Saracen wares made in Asia, which are supposed to be among the earliest, are enameled. Traces of the art appear in the Eastern Mediterranean and at Constantinople in the sixth century. From this obscure line, or from the Saracens, it is uncertain which, it extended along the well trodden roads of communication in the Middle Ages of Germany, where it was found in the twelfth century, and was practiced till the fourteenth. It seems to have been lost in Northern Europe not long before Italy received it from the Saracens in the fifteenth century. The Arabs diffused the art wherever their conquests extended. It spread over Western Asia, along the northern coasts of Africa, from island to island of the Mediterranean, into Spain, everywhere practiced by Saracen potters, until, in the middle of the fifteenth century, an Italian sculptor learned it, and Italy adopted it. Italian potters carried it into France; German potters, who had either revived their own lost art or received it afresh from



HISPANO-MOESQUE VASE (VALENCIA),  
WITH CHRISTIAN INSCRIPTIONS.

Italy, diffused it through Northern Europe; Holland took it from Germany, and sent her potters to England to teach it there.

But we must return to Saracen art itself. Their fictile art is properly divided into five distinct periods, called the Rhodian, Arabic, Damascene, Persian, and Hispano-Moresque, of which the last is the most advanced. Just when the Saracens used to work to make their tiles and their lustered dishes is not known. But their earliest specimens of ceramic art are the tiles, the successors of the enamelled bricks of the ancients. Wherever found they are so much alike in fabric and intent that they are pre-eminently illustra-

tive of that one wide-spread art which is purely Saracenic. Old mosques and tombs in Persia, and far to the east of modern Persia, abound in wall tiles of superb character. Throughout the Arab countries some of the more ancient houses of the wealthy have large rooms decorated from floor to ceiling



VASE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

with tiles in rich color, the patterns running from tile to tile, border and bands following the curves and rectangles of the architecture, showing that the tiles were made specially for the rooms in which they were placed. And nothing can be found finer in effect, more fairy-like, or more marvelous in beauty than the interior of rooms surrounded with these brilliant objects, where the light is only such as comes through the wonderfully constructed lattices of Arab work.

Another remarkable piece of their work is the "Vase of the Alhambra," one of the most beautiful and most interesting vases anywhere known. It is supposed to have

been made about 1320. We insert Marryat's description: It is of earthenware; the ground white, the ornaments either blue of



RHODIAN DISH, FIFTEEN INCHES DIAMETER.

two shades, or of that gold or copper luster so often found in Spanish and Italian pottery. This beautiful specimen of Moorish workmanship, which is four feet three inches in height, was discovered, with another similar to it, beneath the pavement of the Alhambra, and is said to have been filled with gold. It was copied in 1842 at the manufactory of Sevres, from drawings made in Spain by Daugats, and has since been copied.

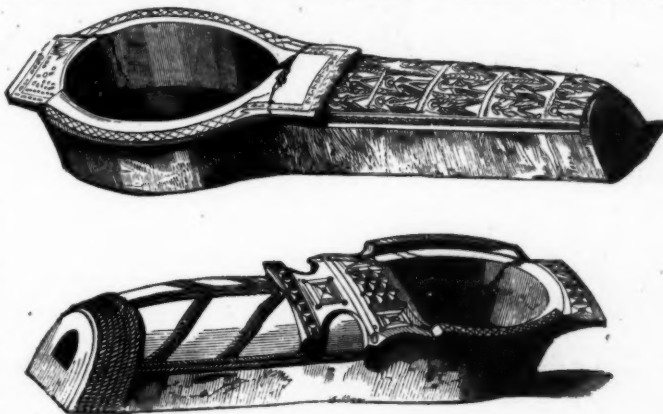
The Saracens found the Italians their most apt scholars, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Earlier Italian pottery is comparatively of very little account, although its manufacture had been carried on since the days of the Roman dominion. It was under Saracenic influence that

Italian pottery took on a new life. Not only had striking examples of Majolica come from the Moors, but beyond question many others

had reached Italy from the East. From time to time common and unglazed potteries gave place to the better sorts; and a vast stride was taken when the vessel came to be protected by a glaze made with the use first of lead and then of tin. The common earthen or red ware of the country was dipped into a slip or "engobe" of white clay; then it was dried or baked; then painted, and afterward covered with thin skin of lead-glaze, which was fixed with the fire. The colors used in decorating these pieces were few, being mostly yellows, greens, blues, and black. This lead-glaze was soft; but it had a sort of metallic, iridescent luster, which is one of its peculiarities and beauties. It is almost useless to attempt with the engraving to express fully the characteristics of this ware; the colors we can not give.

The true Majolica is that which is covered with a glaze made with the oxide of tin and silicious sand. This stanniferous glaze or enamel takes the place of the "slip" or "engobe," and covers the potter's clay with a clear, white enamel, upon which the colors can be laid.

The avidity with which the new art was seized upon in Italy by dukes and priests, by workmen and artists, we can hardly comprehend. It would seem that the whole Italian world then rushed into every form of



GLAZED COFFINS FROM WARKA.

art and literature with an eagerness only to be explained by a desire to make good the Lost Ages—often called the "Dark Ages."

Furnaces and potters sprang out of the ground, and almost every good town sooner or later had its "botega." Among these Majolica artists one name seems to take precedence of all others. This man was Luca Della Robbia. Born in 1400, he was a sculptor first, and a potter afterward. An artist of the highest power, he was inspired with all the marvelous æsthetic force and subtlety and

among the wonders of Italian renaissance art, and which to this day are, in their way, unsurpassed triumphs of skill.

The merit of the *Majolica* ware is in the paintings. As potter's work they are all wretched. There is a total absence of beauty of form; that special characteristic which gives the graceful appearance to Grecian ceramic art is wanting. The ware is thick and

clumsy, and only rescued from positive failure by the decoration. That which is not decorated by good artists is rarely redeemed by the color on it. The great luster, which was the only redeeming quality of *Majolica*, and marks it as distinct from all other ceramics, is seen only in the golden period of *Majolica* production, and with the close of the sixteenth century, when this art of making the luster was lost, ends



TILE FROM CHERTSEY ABBEY.

fertility of his age and of his country. He was not satisfied, as other sculptors are, with form-beauty alone, but cast about to add to his molded figures the further beauties of coloring and surface-texture. He, no doubt, well knew the wares of the Moors of Spain, and probably was acquainted with the secret of the tin glaze already used by the Italian potters. It is needless to assume, as most writers do, that he discovered tin-glaze for himself; but he at any rate adopted the process, and he has left us bass-reliefs and even life-sized statues covered with a fine stanniferous polychrome glaze, which are

the history of *Majolica*. To-day, Italy's artists blindly copy the shapes, the colors, and the decorations of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Italy, which was once the leader of the nations of Europe in art study, is to-day of interest only for what she has been, not what she is.

One of the earliest applications of the glaze in Europe was upon a hard sort of *stone-ware*, made at various places along the Rhine, and in Flanders and in Germany. It has come to be known under the generic title of *Grès de Flandre*, though as but little of it is made in Flanders, and the principal center of



its manufacture is Cologne, it would more fitly be called *Grès de Cologne*. This ware, if made by the hands of an artist may rise into the realms of beauty, and may rival works in more costly material. Every body knows common stone-ware. Gray or brown jugs, drinking mugs, crocks, pitchers, and other coarse potteries used for ordinary domestic purposes are the most familiar illustrations. Fine stone-ware differs from the common only in the superior composition, quality, and fineness of the paste of which it is formed. In either case it is made of clay and sand, baked densely, glazed usually with salt, stands fire, and even strikes fire on steel. The stone wares of Germany are of peculiar interest from their antiquity and beauty.

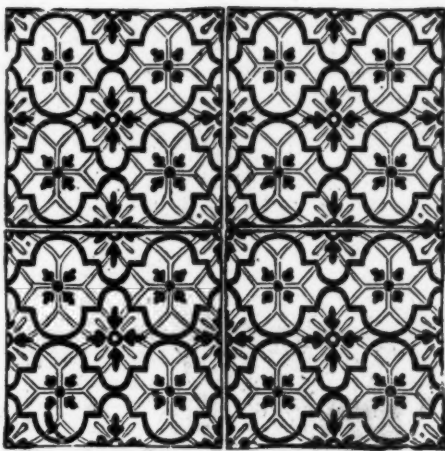
Many pieces of this style of work were decorated with figures of saints and other sacred emblems. At Baireuth were made in the seventeenth century curious mugs, called *apostle mugs*, with figures of the twelve apostles worked in relief around the cup. The clay was a dark brown; but the dresses of the figures and the inscriptions were painted in colors. Modern reproduction of them are now so common that most persons are familiar with the great variety of forms, colors, and decorations which in the seventeenth century were prized by the wealthy



APOSTLE MUG.

as well as by the poor frequenters of ale-houses in Germany and England.

To nothing more properly than to these mugs and jugs of *grès cérame* can be attrib-



TILES FROM CAIRO—LATTICE PATTERN.  
(Blue and Green on Pale-green Ground, each  $2\frac{1}{4}$  by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches.)

uted the wonderful art education of the Germans. The varieties of stone-ware from time to time produced in England are of much interest. The potters at Fulham, making these wares, began the history of artistic work in England. The Elers brothers, coming from the Continent to Staffordshire, brought with them the method of making the admirable scroll and other relief decorations of the *grès*, and introduced the style on their red wares at Bradwell. These wares evidently impressed the mind of Josiah Wedgwood, and directed his attention to the production of relief ornaments. The common classes of stone-ware in England were improved under the impulse given to manufacture by the Elerses, were brought to great perfection in Wedgwood's day; new pastes were from time to time invented, and at length the stone-wares of England became the rival of porcelain in utility and beauty. The pottery ware of the Low Countries after which the English was first fashioned, is familiarly known as the delft-ware, and the word delft has become synonymous with domestic pottery as china is synonymous with porcelain. From a remote period it is probable that the excellence of its clay had made this a place for the manufacture of earthenwares. This great industry was probably stimulated by the close knowledge of

Japanese, Chinese, and Oriental porcelains which the Dutch merchant brought to Holland in such large quantities. The delft potters, stimulated by the demand, attempted imitation of these Eastern wares in their best styles; which so rapidly improved that without exaggeration they could claim to make wares which in lightness, enamel, and beauty, in fact, in all external respects,



VASE BY PALISSY.  
(Ground blue, with yellow ornaments.)

equalled the imported porcelain, and was so cheap as to be within the reach of moderate purses. But while the manufacture of delftware has declined in the Low Countries, England has revived the stone-ware products, and Messrs. Doulton & Co., of Lambeth, now make the greatest variety of artistic work in stone-wares, equaling if not surpassing, all other makers in modern times. It is true, original, artistic, and delightful. It is of the same paste as the *grès de Flandre*, but instead of imitating that, a scale and variety of colors have been developed which the old

*grès* could not at all touch. By means of thousands of experiments and much scientific knowledge, colors have been found which will bear the heat, and some of the results attained there of color alone are gratifying.

In France the fictile art has no history beyond the beginning of the sixteenth century. Italian potters then came across the Alps and caused the French to abandon the rude wares of the Middle Ages. The Gallic artists, quick to learn, and by nature gifted with most extraordinary good taste, soon excelled the Italians, and founded a ceramic art in many respects as new, fresh, natural, and national as if no previous work in painted pottery had been known. One class of pottery, entirely unique, and so peculiar, so different from any and all other styles is the *Henri Deux* ware or *Faïence d'Oiron*. It is named after the old Chateau of Oiron and might be properly designated as the lace-work of the fictile art. It resembles very much the dainty work which our ladies delight to wear over their shoulders for Summer ornament. The designs are beautiful interlacings of ribbons or narrow bands, arabesques, letters, crescents, diamond squares, and other simple but rich forms. Later reliefs were added—masks, shields, lizards, frogs, shells—which may possibly have been suggested by, or they may have suggested the work of Palissy.

Who he was we need hardly say. Every child is familiar with his history as a Christian and an artist. Over his name and fame hangs an aureola of glory. The story he has left behind him of his struggles and sufferings in seeking and finding the art of the potter has been intensified by his admirers; they have added to its intrinsic interest by telling of his patience, his endurance, his suffering, and his final success. But however much their admiration may have led them beyond reasonable limits, it must be granted that he rendered such great services to French ceramic art that his history is in a large measure the history of the art to which he devoted his life. He was one of the discoverers of the process of enameling, and his productions are marvelous as works of art. They are distinguished for

close adherence to natural forms; they deal principally with natural objects; are exemplified in the "rustiques figulines" which brought him fame and position. These are dishes and objects of various form, on which, in high-relief, shells, lizards, snakes, frogs, fish, eels, crawfish, and other natural objects, are placed among leaves, or on rough grounds, the whole enameled in colors—deep blue, yellow, green, and brown. It is very doubtful if Palissy produced all the works attributed to him. Doubt exists as to the correctness of classing with his own modeling a great variety of specimens of Palissy-ware—that is, made



DISH. CHARLES V, BY ORAZIO FONTANA.



SALT-CELLAR.

by him, or by those taught by him or his productions—decorated with reliefs from mythological story, and from history sacred and profane. These include a large number of admirable works, in which the ornaments are in the usual Palissy colors, while the flesh is, in general, in gray tones. The variety of forms in the ware is great. Vases, ewers, and dishes of many shapes are all characterized by the same relief decoration and the same general coloring. Reproductions of this work are, of course, within the ability of any skillful potter of modern times. The articles can be molded and the colors exactly imitated, and this has been done to such an extent that the world has many imitations, equal to the originals. Nothing but a good genealogy to the piece is a satisfactory guarantee that it came from the workshop of Palissy.

## DULCISSIMA! DILECTISSIMA!

"COME, my dears," said I, looking in upon the room where my children were engaged in their various avocations; "come, and see what a very interesting acquisition I have got to my collection of antiquities. It is the remains of a little Roman girl just discovered close to the place where the foundations of the Roman villa were turned up last Summer; and it seems very probable that this little girl was a daughter of the house. Here is the glass jar—a more elegant and beautiful one than I have ever before seen used for the purpose—which contains her ashes; here is the lamp to light her on her last dark journey; here are the little ornaments she used to wear; mark especially this exquisitely enameled *fibula*; here are her little shoes, all quaintly studded with brass nails."

"Oh, what funny shoes!" exclaimed one; "there must have been very bad roads in those days, when even little girls wore shoes studded with nails like that."

"On the contrary," said I, "the Romans were the first road-makers in the world; but never mind that now. Here is the stone tablet which records her history, and a very interesting one it is."

D M  
I.V.C. METELLE  
FILIOI. DVLCISS. DILECTISS.  
VIX. ANN. VI.

"The letters D M at the top stand for *Diis Manibus*; something like," said I, with a free translation suited to family comprehension, "our 'Sacred to the Memory of.' The inscription then reads thus: 'Sacred to the memory of Lucia Metella, a little daughter most sweet, most tenderly beloved. She lived six years.' Observe that the Romans always, as Dr. Bruce remarks, avoided the mention of death; they tell us how long a person lived, never when he died. But is it not interesting," I went on, "to find more than a thousand years ago, and among a stern and warlike people like the Romans, these little touches of family tenderness and love?"

"Oh, how very interesting! What a

charming acquisition! How excited Dr. Harris (Dr. Harris was the antiquary of the district next in repute to myself) will be when he sees it!" were the various parting remarks made by my auditors as they scampered back to their ordinary employments.

All but one. My Lily, my youngest, the apple of my eye, still stood, her fair head resting on her slender arms, gazing in silence, her lips lightly parted, a tear trembling in each soft, blue eye, upon the relics of the little Roman girl. At last she spoke.

"Papa," she said, "this little girl was just the same age that I am."

"Yes, my darling," I said, "that is so; and, moreover," I added, as a playful diversion to the child's gloom, "both your names begin with L—another coincidence."

But the thought that was in the child's heart was too deep for playfulness. After a pause she spoke again in pleading tones:

"Dear papa," she said, "it seems so pitiful for this poor little girl to lie here among all these queer things."

"My darling," said I, "these queer things, as you call them, are Roman things, such as the little girl was accustomed to see around her every day during her life-time. Indeed, many of them came from the villa of which it seems very probable that she was the daughter."

"But, dear papa," she said, "you would not like *me*, when I am gone, to be laid out like a curiosity, and have strangers come and examine the little things I used to be fond of, and remark what funny shoes I had."

"Well—but, my dear child," said I, "what would you do with her?"

"I would bury her," she said, with childish seriousness, "in the garden, beneath the weeping ash, where good old Cato and my dear little Dicky and Willy's white rabbit are buried. And—and," she added, in a lower voice, "I would add upon the stone, if there is room, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"



"My darling," I said, "I think all that would be a little incongruous; but I'll tell you what we might do," I went on, as a device occurred to me which I thought might soothe the feelings of the child, "you shall gather from time to time fresh flowers to lay upon her as she lies, and then, if her poor little spirit can look down upon this world, she will see that, though a thousand years have passed, one dear little English girl still watches over her with tenderness and love."

"Oh, yes," she said, brightening at the idea, "I think she would like that. I will gather fresh snowdrops for her now, and then when Summer comes again I will change them for violets."

"When Summer comes again?" A sudden pang of foreboding shot through my heart as the dear child spoke. She, too, was most sweet—she, too, was most tenderly beloved. But we were not without our fears on her account, and anxious whispers had passed between my wife and myself respecting her. But I cast aside the fears, as presently she returned, eager in her little work of love, with the snowdrops she had gathered, and, sitting down by my side as I was engaged in making out the maker's name upon the vase, she wove them with deft fingers into a pretty wreath, which done, she reverently laid it in its place, and, hand in hand, we left the room together.

The next morning, after breakfast, I had a considerable amount of congenial work to do. In the first place there was a full and detailed account of these interesting discoveries for the County Society, of which I was President; then a more condensed report for the Society of Antiquaries, of which I was a Fellow; various questions of detail had to be examined and elucidated, and in the course of the morning an artist was to come up to take photographs of all these rare and beautiful objects. While I was thus engaged, my wife entered the room with a troubled countenance.

"I am very uneasy," she said, "about dear Lily; she talks in such a strange way about a little girl in white that appeared to her last night. Of course it's all imagin-

tion, but I am afraid it looks as if there was something not quite right with her."

"We must have it looked to immediately," I replied, gravely; "perhaps we ought to have had some better advice before. I will send off at once to London for Dr. S—, and as the distance is not great, we may have him with us this evening. In the mean time will you send Lily to me, and let me hear what she has to say?"

"Now, my darling," I said, as Lily entered the room, "come and tell papa all about it."

She climbed upon my knee, threw her arms about my neck, and, hiding her face against my breast, as is sometimes the wont of children when they have something grave to relate, she went on:

"I fell asleep, you know, papa dear, with my thoughts full of this poor little girl. I awoke in the night with a trouble, I could scarcely tell what, upon my mind. When I looked up, I saw standing by my bedside a little girl dressed all in white, and pale, oh, so pale! She held in her hand a wreath of snowdrops like the one that I had made, and looking at me with a mournful expression, but still very, very kindly, she stretched forth her hand as if to hand me back the wreath. When I looked again, she had disappeared."

I reasoned for some time with the child, trying to persuade her that what she fancied she had seen was only the result of her own excited imagination; but I could clearly see that though her deference to me prevented her from disputing any thing I said, her belief in the reality of what she had seen remained unshaken. I saw, too, that the feeling on her mind was something more than mere sentiment. I saw how deeply she felt pained that the loved daughter of a thousand years ago should be treated so differently from our loved ones, of to-day, and I resolved that, great as the sacrifice was, it should not stand in the way of the happiness, and perhaps the health, of my beloved child.

So at last I said to her, "Well now, my darling, just tell me what you think should be done, and what this little girl would like if she could tell us?"

She burst into tears, flung her arms round my neck, and sobbed out—

"Oh! dear papa, I know you are so fond of it."

"My darling," I said, "all the antiquities in the world are as nothing—*nothing* compared to my dear little girl's peace of mind."

"Oh! dear papa," she said, through her tears, "how can I ever, ever love you enough?"

"My darling," said I, "I know you love me as I love you. But now, what is it you think this little girl would like?"

"I think that what she wants is to be laid in her grave in peace."

"And so it shall be," I replied; "and it shall be done at once."

So we dug a grave in the corner of the garden where all the departed pets of the family were laid, and had it carefully lined with flat stones like a miniature vault, and therein we two—the puzzled gardener looking on—reverently laid the young Roman girl, with all her little treasures disposed around her, filled in the earth, and set up the stone tablet at the head.

We had scarcely finished our task when a well-known form was seen stalking up the avenue, and Lily, touching my hand in a little tremor whispered—

"O papa! Doctor Harris!"

Dr. Harris was the vice-president of the society of which I was president, an ardent antiquary, and, in the main, a very good fellow. But he was one of those men whose excessive vitality sometimes gives an appearance of roughness to their manner. I knew full well that the sensitive nature of my little girl made her rather shrink from his somewhat boisterous advances; and I had a pretty shrewd guess that poor Dr. Harris, glaring over the remains with his portentous spectacles, was in the mind's eye of the child when she made her appeal on Lucia's behalf. He was, moreover, a man utterly destitute of sentiment, and, in fact, the last person we should have liked to come upon us in our present employment. I advanced to meet him, intending to explain it to him privately. But as he approached, he hallooed out with all the force of his lungs:

"Lucky dog! I've heard of your discovery. Every thing comes to you. Why does not some little Roman girl fling herself into my arms?"

And as he spoke he stretched out his arms, either in indication of his readiness to receive such a visitor, or as a salutation to my little girl, who had sheltered herself behind me. I took him aside to explain to him the state of the case.

"The fact is," said I, "that my dear little girl, whose health you know is rather delicate, took it so much to heart, that for her sake I have buried all the relics again."

"I see," he said, "and when the fit's over you'll dig them up again."

"Not so," said I, for some of my little girl's earnestness had imparted itself to me; "she will lie in her grave for me till God comes to judge the world."

"Well, but, I say," he went on, "suppose I come up some morning with a brand-new doll, promise me you won't stand in the way of business."

"My dear friend," said I, "when you have a little girl like my Lily—I recommend you to take the preliminary steps" (the doctor was a bachelor)—"you will get to know something of what such little minds are capable."

"Ah!" he said; "*ah!* Now let me in my turn give you a little bit of advice. In case a couple of doctors come up some morning to interview you, if they should try to lead the conversation to this subject, be on your guard lest it should turn out to be a case of *de lunatico inquirendo*."

So saying, all in perfect good humor, "it was," as people said, "his way," he took his departure, leaving me for once not sorry to get rid of him.

By and by the photographer came up, and instead of the relics he was sent for to depict, we found him some work to do in the shape of sundry little groups of merry and happy children.

And towards evening the great physician from London made his appearance. He was one of those few men who, in addition to the skill born of natural sagacity and vast experience, are indued with something of

that subtle intuitiveness which is a gift not to be acquired. And moreover, he had that winning charm of manner which makes even the most sensitive of patients yield up their inmost secrets. He listened with much attention and interest to the story we had to tell him, and had a long interview with Lily by herself before he came to us in the study, where we were anxiously waiting for his opinion.

"Well!" he said, "there is no great harm done as yet, but your little girl will require great care—very great care." And he then went into various details, which it is not necessary here to recapitulate. Before taking his departure, however, he said:

"Just one word more. Let me tell, you, my friend, you never did a wiser thing than when you yielded to your little girl's—whim I don't like to call it, for it seems more of a sacred feeling—about the Roman girl. I know well what a sacrifice it must have been, but I frankly own to you that I would not have liked to be responsible for the case of this child—so sensitive as she seems to be to certain deep impressions—with such a burthen on her pure, unselfish little mind."

"I can not tell you, doctor," said I, "how thankful I am to you for that opinion, for now, thus fortified, I can set down my foot on all cavers and scoffers. But does there not seem to be something not easy to understand in all this?" I went on. "My little girl retired to rest so perfectly satisfied with what I proposed, that it is difficult to conceive how any thing could have arisen out of her own inner consciousness to produce such a remarkable impression upon her mind."

"I think it may be accounted for on natural principles," he replied. "Your little girl's own idea was a genuine one. She felt pained that the remains of a beloved daughter should be exposed to the vulgar gaze like, to use her own words, 'a curiosity.' Your alternative proposal, intended for the purpose of soothing her mind and, at the same time, keeping your treasures, was, however well-intentioned, something of a sham. Her deference to you, and perhaps a specious show of sentiment in the proposal, reconciled her to

it in the first instance. But in the stillness of the night her little mind, brooding over it, waking or sleeping, came at last to see it in its true light, and produced on her, unduly excited as she probably was, this remarkable impression. This seems to me a fair way of accounting for it, but nevertheless I would not say that there is no other. Much as I despise the opinions of those who would have us believe that the spirits of the loved departed come back to twitch our hair and to play tricks upon tables, I dare not say that between two loving and kindred spirits circumstances may not arise to create a mysterious bond of sympathy for which it is beyond our philosophy to account."

"Something of that sort," said I, "seems to have been the belief of the Romans, who held that the *manes*, or spirits of the departed, attached themselves as guardian angels to kindred spirits yet on earth."

"Well, however it be," said he, rising to take his leave, "there is no doubt that the best cure for all such mental disturbances is a perfect state of bodily health. And I trust that with the return of warm Summer weather, your dear little girl may regain all her wonted health and spirits."

"Amen!" said I. "Doctor, amen!"

Summer had come again. The golden sunlight shed a glory on our stately elms, and cast their flickering shadows on the grass; the birds—we all loved and cherished them—sang their blithe carols on every side; all nature around seemed awakened to new life and loveliness. Within, all was darkness and desolation; for the edict had gone forth that Lily was to die, and not to live.

I had prayed, as I had never prayed before, that God would spare me this one ewe lamb; but it was not to be. In spite of all that skill and tenderness could do, the disease had of late so rapidly gained ground, that now even love could no longer hope. She had seen, she told us, the little Roman girl once more, bright and glorious as an angel, with outstretched arms and loving smiles, waiting to welcome her; and too well we knew what that sign meant.

I stole to her bedside for the few minutes

during which, in her now weak state, I was allowed to be with her. I found her propped up with pillows so that she could get a view of the loved garden corner where, among the childish graves, the sunlight flecked with gold the gray memorial-stone of Lucia. Her fair hair, soft and glossy as floss-silk, hung round her in tangled waves, that told of the restlessness of weariness and pain. Her sweet face was drawn in by hard, cruel lines, till the blue eyes stood out unnaturally large and bright; her poor, little wasted arms trembled as she stretched them out to me. The wan little face lighted up with smiles as I approached, and, taking her hand in mine, bent over her to listen to her accents, now scarcely above a whisper.

"Oh! dear papa!" she said, "how I have longed for your coming. It is of you I have been thinking all this morning. How good you have been to me always—always—and especially that one time when you gave me up Lucia. She will be the first to meet me, for she will run before the rest, and I will take her by the hand, and lead her

up to dear Aunt Mary and grandmamma; and I will take her aside and tell her all, and she shall love you—oh, how she shall love you! And then, oh, dearest—dearest papa!—when you—come—we ——" The lips still moved with loving words, but the feeble voice was choked.

Yet three days more, and I stood again by her bedside—to kiss for the last time the dear lips that should never smile a welcome to me more—to press for the last time the little hand that should never twine itself in mine again. All trace of weariness and pain had passed away; she lay, her long silky lashes veiling her drooped eyes, as in the slumber of innocence and peace. And on her breast—laid by unseen hands—was a cluster of Summer violets.

They sleep together in God's acre—the loved ones of a thousand years apart. It was Lily's last request that the little Roman girl should rest by her side under the shadow of the sext, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Oh, Dulcissima! Dilectissima!

"O DIEU DE VERITE, POUR QUI SEUL JE SOUPIRE."

O GOD of truth, for whom alone I sigh,  
Knit thou my heart by strong, sweet cords to thee:  
I tire of hearing; books my patience try.  
Untired to thee I cry:  
Thyself my all shalt be.

Speak thou alone! For me nor human lore  
Nor human sage shall now expound thy Word.  
Let creatures hold their peace, and thee adore;  
Let voice of man no more,  
But only thine be heard!

Lord, be thou near, and cheer my lonely way,  
With thy sweet peace my aching bosom fill;  
Scatter my cares and fears; my griefs allay;  
And be it mine each day  
To love and please thee still.

My God! thou hearest me; but clouds obscure  
E'en yet thy perfect radiance, truth divine!  
Oh for the stainless skies, the splendors pure,  
The joys that aye endure,  
Where thine own glories shine!



## MACAULAY AS AN ESSAYIST.

"CAN you not lay your hands on some clever young man who would write for us?" So wrote Francis Jeffrey in the year 1825 to a friend in London. Jeffrey was at this time editor of the famous *Edinburgh Review*. Twenty-three years before this, when he was struggling hard to support himself and his wife, he was called upon at his lodgings by his friends, Sydney Smith, Henry Brougham, and Francis Horner. Smith, who was always fond of a joke, proposed that they establish a literary review, and gave as the motto for it a Latin sentence, meaning, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal." The proposition was adopted; but a more dignified motto was chosen. The young men had neither money nor reputation, but they had wit, scholarship, hope, and enthusiasm; and they went earnestly to work. Smith wrote seven articles, Horner and Brougham four each, and Jeffrey five articles, and in due time appeared, in blue and yellow covers, the *Edinburgh Review*, Volume I, No. 1. Its appearance marks the beginning of an era in journalism. We have no need to trace its wonderful growth and its marvelous influence; how it encouraged or crushed young authors; how it stung Byron, and tried in vain to put down Wordsworth; how it did much good not unmixed with evil. After the first three numbers had been issued Jeffrey became its editor; and while he used a busy pen he also was on the constant search for new and valuable writers.

The "clever young man" after whom he wrote was soon found. He was now twenty-five years of age, and his name was Thomas Babington Macaulay. What little was known about him was favorable. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge; had taken the Chancellor's medal for a prize poem; and had written some clever pieces both in prose and in poetry for *Knight's Magazine*. He was waited upon, and had consented to write an article. His remarkable essay on Milton was the first result. The success of that

essay was immediate and great, and the author at once found himself famous. The essay was widely read, and was greeted with a chorus of praise. Macaulay was engaged as a regular contributor to the *Review*. Cards of invitation to dinner parties filled his table; for in England when a lion is found he is generously fed. But there were two testimonials which he specially prized. He heard that Robert Hall, the great Baptist preacher, was trying to spell his way through the Italian poem of Dante to see if the comparison between Milton and Dante in the essay was a just one; and Jeffrey, the great critic, in a note acknowledging the receipt of the manuscript, was pleased to say, "the more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style."

It is an easy thing to account for the popularity of the essay on Milton. It contains a noble tribute to the Puritans, and to that great genius whose life was a poem and who wrote himself blind in behalf of liberty. The style of the essay is brilliant to excess, and the sentences move in a hurrying stream. It was the product of youthful enthusiasm, and it awoke the enthusiasm of its readers. Yet it disappoints on a second and third reading. The flashing and jingling sentences weary, and we turn from it to read something which has more depth and calmness. It is proper, however, to remember the plea which Macaulay himself puts in. In a subsequent article of his, Jeffrey had struck out some of these brilliant sentences, and Macaulay, in a letter to him says, "Periodical works like ours, which, unless they strike at the first reading, are not likely to strike at all—whose whole life is a month or two—may, I think, be allowed to be sometimes even viciously florid. It is not by his own taste but by the taste of the fish that the angler is determined in his choice of bait."

Apart from the style, the leading idea of the essay seems to be fallacious. It is affirmed that poetry is the product of a rude age; that as civilization advances, poetry almost

necessarily declines, and that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. Is such an affirmation true? Alas, then, for the would-be singers through all the generations to come. To all must come the words of doom, "You are born too late!" But look at this matter closely. The materials for poetry are all around us as they were around men of a rude barbaric age. Sky and earth and sea and starry constellations are ever the same, and man thinks and feels and laughs and weeps as he ever has done. Lovers whisper even in these prosaic days, and children sport and heroes struggle and die on the fields of peace and war; and everywhere things are said and done which a poet's harp would do well to celebrate. And yet we are not to expect a great poet—for civilization forbids it. Indeed, what then is our civilization worth? What, then, shall we say about Wordsworth or Goethe? There is a poet for an age of culture; a reflective as well as descriptive poet, who will interpret the longings of the age.

Every generation will have a theme for a poet to sing—and it will have a singer; it may be a great one. Let but a man arise to whom God has given a far-seeing eye, a tender heart, and a musical utterance, and steam engines and school-houses will not repress his tide of song. The world will hear him, and will crown him too.

When Macaulay wrote his articles he had no idea that they would live beyond a few weeks. "Magazines," he says in his essay on "The Athenian Orators," "resemble those little angels, who, according to the pretty Rabbinical tradition, are generated every morning by the brook which rolls over the flowers of Paradise, whose life is a song, who warble till sunset, and then sink back, without regret, into nothingness. It is enough for them to please and to be forgotten." The public, however, desired to have his articles in a permanent form. American publishers, in response to that desire, put them into book form, and issued three or four editions of them, copies of which found their way into England. He was, therefore, forced, much against his will, to publish a revised

edition. In a very interesting letter to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, he bewails the cruel necessity which is upon him, and says, "I will not found my pretensions to the rank of a classic on my reviews. If I live twelve or fifteen years I may produce something which I may not be afraid to exhibit side by side with the performances of the old masters." He was, in fact, a severe critic of his own writings. The public was not so severe. It has, from that day to this, bought the volumes which contain his essays, and has read and admired. More than one hundred and twenty thousand copies of the revised edition have been sold by his publishers in England alone, and many of the essays have appeared in a separate form. The articles on Clive and Hastings, which are the fruit of the years spent by the author in India, have been extremely popular. They have sold twice as well as the articles on Chatham, three times as well as the article on Addison, and five times as well as the article on Byron, which latter was very popular on its first appearance—a proof, as Macaulay thought, of the bad taste of the public. The influence of these essays has been very great in diffusing literary information, and, also, in forming the style of the younger generation of writers.

Macaulay, both by nature and education, was fitted to be a reviewer. His love of literature was very great, and he loved it for its own sake. He was, from his earliest years, a great reader, and what he read he retained, and was able to quote. His memory, indeed, was truly wonderful. At the age of fifteen he was able to quote hundreds of lines from "Marmion," after the first reading of the poem. In later years he declared that if all the copies of "Paradise Lost" and of "Pilgrim's Progress" were to be destroyed he could reproduce them from memory. His reading had a wide range, but the books of his early years were the favorite ones of his manhood and age. Like all well educated Englishmen, he left college with a pretty thorough knowledge, and through life he kept up this knowledge. He never had a fancy for writing Greek and Latin prose or verse, which he thought was a

piece of pedantry. A scholar he used to define as a man who reads Plato with his feet upon the fender. Such a scholar was Macaulay, and he mastered a language not for its own sake, but that he might enjoy the authors who had written in it. In middle life, when in India, and on the four months' voyage going to that land and returning from it, he read with wonderful zest all that was worth reading in Latin and in Greek, besides a multitude of books in English. Books were his constant companions. He laughed aloud over the wit of Plato, which he thought more delicate than that of Voltaire or even Pascal, and wept over the touching passages in Homer. Many of his letters are enriched with critical remarks upon the books which he had read and enjoyed. In the printed page he found diversion from the cares of business, and a temporary forgetfulness of sorrow. The Greek tragedians were his delight, especially Æschylus, whom he regarded as the greatest of them all. His highest admiration was for Thucydides, whose history he read with mingled admiration and despair. When in later years he read his own "History of England," he felt that it was superior to others of his day, but when he compared it to that of the Greek historian, his spirit sunk within him.

With modern writers he was not so familiar. It was not until middle life that he mastered German, so as to enjoy the writers of that language; and his writings contain scarcely an allusion to them. He had a poor opinion of much that Wordsworth wrote, though he admitted that the "poet appeared as the high-priest of a worship of which nature was the idol." In some departments of knowledge he was greatly deficient. He did not care much for the natural sciences; was not as fond as one might suppose of music or painting, and was disloyal enough to express, when a student at Cambridge, a contempt for those "mathematical blocks," that he met there, "without one liberal idea or elegant image."

In one great department of literature he was at home. He loved history, and what directly pertains thereto. History includes

far more than at first thought would be supposed. Besides history properly so called, it includes biography, which is the history of an individual; nearly all works of fiction, which are imaginary biographies; and a great part of poetry, which closely looked at, especially dramatic poetry, is of an historic character. It is interesting to notice his opinions of various authors and his judgment as to their best works. He considers that the world has had six great poets, and among these he places Shakespeare as the first, Homer as the second, and Dante as the third. He considers Schiller's "Wallenstein" to be the first of his dramas. "Don Quixote," he remarks, is beyond all comparison the best novel which has ever been written, and "Tom Jones" the best in the English language. Whatever the critic may say, the moralist must rejoice that "Tom Jones" and all the other heroes of the English school of fiction of the last century, except "Robinson Crusoe," are losing their popularity, and will never regain it. They are worthless scamps, and deserve to die.

Macaulay was fond of novels of all kinds, and the number which he read is really astonishing. He could quote by the page from the eight volumes of Richardson's "Clarissa," and of Miss Austen's tales he never seemed to be weary. He considers Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Madame de Stael to be the three greatest women of the age. It is painful to think of the many thousands of pages of dismal trash which he waded through; spending so many hours of a valuable life to no purpose whatever.

Literature was not until his later years the business of his life, but his enjoyment. He gave his strength to the House of Commons and to his work in India, and he gave his leisure moments to reading and to writing Review articles. He never became a hack writer—a man who writes, not because his head is full, but because his pocket is empty. He wrote only when he felt like it, and only on subjects in which he felt an interest. He always did the best he could, and tried first to master his subject, and then to express himself in the clearest pos-

sible way. It was a fixed rule with him to spare no pains in trying to write so that his readers would have no effort to understand him. He had his reward; not only because he grew in popularity but because he improved as a writer to the last. When he became physically feeble he wrote less; but he did not write worse, but better than before. Compare the article on Johnson written for the *Edinburgh Review*, when he was thirty-one, and the article on Johnson written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," when he was fifty-seven. The latter is decidedly superior to the former, and is, in fact, a model of literary composition.

He was a very rapid reader. He had a habit, which is a valuable one for a Reviewer, of reading by the page rather than by sentences. With a quick glance he could catch the author's meaning, note his blunders, or admire what was worthy of admiration in either the thought or the style. He had a genius for detecting inaccuracies of dates. A proof of this is seen in the way in which he exposes poor Mr. Croker, who undertook to edit the Life of Johnson. He convicts him of a great number of errors, and says, "a very common knowledge of literary and political history has enabled us to detect the mistakes which we have pointed out, and many other mistakes of the same kind." We suspect that what he calls a "very common knowledge" is, in fact, a very uncommon knowledge. It is like his expression, "every school-boy knows," when he is about to express some point in ancient literature of which even a teacher may be ignorant.

It is difficult to draw a comparison between his essays—for he wrote essays rather than reviews, strictly so called. The latter part of his article on Bacon, where he turns from his life to his philosophy, cost him evidently more work than any thing else which he ever wrote, unless it be the third chapter of his History. It is an evidence of conscientious industry which writers would do well to imitate. We are not at all surprised that he should say in a letter to the editor of the *Review*, "My opinion is not formed at second hand, like those of nine-tenths of

the people who talk about Bacon, but after several very attentive perusals of his greatest works, and after a good deal of thought. I never bestowed so much care on any thing that I have written. There is not a sentence in the latter half which has not been repeatedly recast."

There are other articles which appear to have been written in haste, and have no great value. Such a one is that on the "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration." Those which seems to us to be freest from faults and to be safe models for all who would write the English language easily and gracefully are those on Addison and Madame D'Arblay. If it were an effort to write them, it is certainly no effort to read them, and they are models of the style proper for narrative. The most brilliant paragraphs which he ever wrote were those which contain the account of the trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall. The severest thing which he wrote was perhaps his fierce condemnation of poor Robert Montgomery's poems. The sentence which most forcibly struck the public fancy is the often quoted one from Ranke's "History of the Popes," where he affirms that the Romish Church "will still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand, shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

The closing sentences of some of his essays, as those in the essays on Byron, Bunyan, and Chatham were evidently wrought with great care. He was anxious to make a good ending, and to say something which would leave its impress on the memory. Like nearly all writers he had moments when he could write with ease and to his own satisfaction, and other moments when he would toil hard and accomplish nothing. Respecting his article on Horace Walpole, he says, "Nothing ever cost me more pains than the first half; I never wrote any thing so flowingly as the latter half, and I like the latter half the best." Many an author has had a similar experience. It is an effort to set the mind in motion; but when once in motion, it can easily be kept moving.



So far as style is concerned Macaulay may be termed the prince of reviewers. He was a master of the literary history of every age. No man surpassed him in the knowledge of the writings of the authors who lived in the days of Queen Anne of England. It is a pity, indeed, that he did not live to bring down his history to the days of Addison and Pope and Swift, and of the other stars of that galaxy. But in what may be called higher criticism, he was deficient. His faculty of enjoyment was so keen that it seemed to hinder the faculty of criticism, and he could not analyze that which gave him so much pleasure. He enjoyed the flowers in the garden of literature, but he could not dissect them as a botanist. Hence, his criticisms on poetry were rather superficial than profound. He failed to detect the

inner springs of human character, and his judgments were those of a literary historian rather than of a philosopher. Whoever will read at one sitting the articles on Johnson by Macaulay and by Carlyle and compare them will understand our meaning.

The present generation of readers is largely a debtor to Macaulay. He did what he could to instruct and to please, and he gave from his great fund of information with a generous hand. He worked hard and he worked well. In many a youthful reader he has kindled a love for history and a desire to become better acquainted with those great writers in prose and poetry whose genius has enriched the literature of the world. His name will long continue to be a conspicuous point in the history of literature.

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### HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

**T**HERE was a time, not long since passed, when the regal magnificence of the papal ceremonies of Holy Week made the Eternal City a sea into which all tides of travel flowed. They stimulated not only the curiosity of the idle tourist, but the devotion of the believing pilgrim. While the former wiled the waiting days sauntering among ruins or before pictured saints of the galleries, the latter worshiped at sacred shrines, listened to priestly admonition in the arena of the Coliseum, or hastened to kiss the worn toe of the bronze image of Saint Peter. Both alike were ready, when the ceremonies began—one, to carry his campstool, and climb to the best places from which to see or hear; the other, to adore blessed relics, to mount on his knees the Santa Scala, and lay his money at the feet of a prostrate wooden image of the bleeding Christ. They saw the same ceremonies, yet with what differing vision! While the pilgrim fell prostrate before the miraculous Bambino at the Church of Ara Coelia, the tourist stood on tiptoe to count the jewels in the wooden baby's robe; while the pilgrim reverently

followed in the procession, bearing his palm branch or olive bough, the tourist picked up the leaves the other dropped, to inclose as a curiosity in his next letter home.

To thousands of souls these imposing ceremonies came, unfolding and unfolding all they knew of the Divine. Their only interpreter of Christ was his Vicegerent, the Great Head of the Church, and the withdrawal of his presence and benediction must be like the hiding of God's face. But the needs of the faithful unbar no Vatican gates, and Rome must content herself with such *fiesta* as celebrates the birthday of Umberto or his royal son.

Yet, now that they seem to have passed forever, there lingers, even for those for whom they embodied no spiritual significance, many a gorgeous picture surrounded with the glamour that invests any fading glory. To recall two or three of these scenes, as one would look over a portfolio of old engravings, may not be altogether unsatisfactory.

A dozen years ago, any stranger strolling, toward evening, near the Convent of Trinita

di Pelegrini would have seen a throng of strangers and pilgrims surrounding the gate and filling the court-yard. If he followed them within, he would see every type of strange face, from the German Austrian, who had come down across the Tyrol, to the Greek and Sicilian, who had come up from the shores of the sea. He would have heard every tongue known throughout the South, mingled with the patois of the peasant of the Abruzzi. All these who had traveled more than sixty miles to be present during the Holy Week at Rome were welcomed here and at the adjoining hospital of St. Fillipo Neri. In ordinary years forty thousand pilgrims were sheltered and fed. In years of jubilee as many as a hundred thousand have received relief. To many aid was given to enable them to reach their homes, the amount depending on their distance away and capacity to stimulate interest in the Church after they returned. In these hospitals, on arrival, food and bed were given, and, more than this, their feet were bathed by the hands of ladies and gentlemen, who at this Lenten season gave themselves up to the service of the Church. Popes, cardinals, princes, and even kings, have been known to participate in this voluntary abasement, and the looker-on in the twilight could not but feel it was less a solemn mockery than most of the succeeding services. Nowhere could women and children be found more footsore, weary, and soiled than these who had traveled miles for the sake of the Madonna's smile, whose swollen feet were bathed and bound, and even kissed, by noble patrician dames of Rome. Few strangers witnessed this service. It was not an agreeable place to visit, but about it was a semblance at least of usefulness and genuine humility.

This is more than could be said of the other foot-washing, or Lavanda, which occurred on Holy Thursday, and ranked among the grand ceremonies conducted by the Pope himself. He prepared for it by being present at high mass in the Sistine Chapel, after which he proceeded to follow the example of Christ by washing the disciples' feet. The immense concourse of people were provided with seats in as far as they complied

with the regulation to appear in the prescribed dress of the court of Pius IX. This was, for gentlemen, the ordinary evening dress, and for ladies a robe of black, with a black veil about the head. Such latitude was allowed, however, that the black traveling-dress of alpaca and the lace veil suddenly detached from the hat, and the hat swung by the strings on the arm, have been admitted into the presence of the Pope at his receptions for strangers. The dress might be long or short, scant or wide, made at Pingard's or by one's own fingers, if black—all the rest was unimportant. So the uniform attire did not present great elegance; and, perched on the high seats erected for the occasion, the women looked, many of them, like ravens, on whose prophetic souls it might at any moment be laid to utter, "Nevermore."

The so-called disciples were curiously chosen, each Catholic country having the privilege of electing representatives, usually priests or those preparing for the priesthood. On the occasion referred to, three Italians were chosen; one Swiss, by the Captain of the Swiss Guard; two Oriental and Greek Catholics, representing the United Armenian and Greek Churches. The other six came from France, Austria, Spain, and Portugal, and all assembled at Rome and received special attention some days before the appointed time. When this arrived their heads were shaven, and they were clad in long, loose robes of white, with a cross upon the breast, and presented each with a huge nosegay. A high white paper cap covered the head, and they were conducted into the church, and stationed on a high platform erected for the purpose, so that the ceremony might be seen by all the people. The white cap and the painful solemnity of their entrance suggested an immediate execution.

Then followed the usual procession of Church dignitaries, followed by the Pope himself, not borne triumphantly aloft, but walking humbly, while the air was full of music from unseen choirs disposed behind the screens of various chapels. There was chanting of prayers, swinging of censers, and then the twelve were seated, and the

venerable old man arose and laid aside his outer mantle, revealing the same attire the disciples wore. As he proceeded to perform the humble office for the embarrassed men, one cardinal knelt and uncovered a foot of each. Another bore the silver bowl, into which His Holiness dipped the tips of his fingers, sprinkling a little water on the exposed foot. Then he touched it lightly with the golden fringes of the towel, or silken embroidered scarf, wherewith he was girded, bowed his head and kissed the towel, and passed on to repeat the same service for the next. The whole procedure, watched with great and reverent attention by the crowd, was soon over, ending with a burst of triumphant music and the papal benediction. The effect of the latter must have been lost on many who hurried away, fearful they should be late for the next ceremony, which immediately succeeds the Lavanda, but takes place in a remote hall of the Vatican. From the hands of the Pope each receives a purse for his expenses, and the clothes he wears are also the Church's gift. They did not seem to be of a kind which any man would be tempted to take from them, which accounts, perhaps, for the fact that they were not given a cloak also.

The great throng pours out of the church and, animated by one desire, moves toward the entrance of the Vatican. It takes all the effort of the long line of Swiss Guard to keep them in restraint. They fill the long corridor and the great hall, and spread far out on the piazza and crowd the colonnade. They are composed of every nationality. Not one-half are Romans; plenty of Spaniards and Austrians and French and English. The last-named, with the Americans, appear with camp-stools under their arms, and sometimes with bonnets pinned inside their cloaks. All jostle and push together. All stand still and scold together, with a strife of tongues varied enough to suggest Babel. All wait and worry, and become impatient together; and when the line of soldiers opens at last all go in together, pell-mell, one great hurrying tide up the broad Scala Regia,—where statues of saints and apostles look down in dignified

disapproval,—in at an open door, where, all together, they are brought to a second stand differing only from the first in that they are now much closer packed than before.

The room in the Vatican, the "Supper Room," is too full for another to enter,—has been packed since early morning with a select public admitted by favor. There they are—we can just see them—rows of black dresses and veils and fluttering fans. There is no help for it. Thrown away all past fees to guards; thrown away all the dinners to Father Flannagan, who knew your brother at home, and whose name on your card would "even open the Pope's private rooms, if you cared to see." Thrown away all the tickets procured through the Consul. There was only one solitary chance. It must grow hotter and hotter in there, and somebody would probably faint. While thus speculating, sure enough a woman did faint and another became hysterical, and where two were borne out twenty were pushed in by the crowd behind. Being among the twenty, we saw what was done and how they did it.

The general inference is that this ceremony is in commemoration of the "Last Supper," as it immediately succeeds the Lavanda, and has some points of resemblance to the Supper of the Scriptures. This feast was, however, instituted after the death of Gregory XVI, in remembrance of his habit of feeding twelve poor men at his table. It was found that, though twelve guests entered, thirteen were always present at some time during the meal. This thirteenth was the Angel, the heavenly visitant who came to share the good man's bounty and bless his feast. The churches afford several pictures representing this scene, and that of St. Gregory, built on the site of this Pope's dwelling, keeps in one of its chapels a table said to have been the very one used for this purpose.

This table is not transported to the Vatican, being too small for the uses of this occasion when the chosen ones must all stand behind rather than around it, but one is erected on a platform on a level with the shoulders of the multitude. It was laid with plate kept for this special purpose, and by each convert was a small bronze statue

of one of the apostles. When we entered, the twelve, now augmented to thirteen, were already there, each grasping his bag and his bouquet, and enduring with seeming indifference the gaze of thousands of uplifted eyes. Cardinals and high Church dignitaries from other lands, and representatives of some of the royal houses of Europe also had places on the platform, where they laughed and chatted and took bountiful supplies of snuff.

There was not throughout the whole assembly one appearance of solemnity or indication that the scene was any thing beyond the farce it seemed. A momentary hush followed the Pope's entrance. The crowd would have dropped on their knees had not the press been so great as to render kneeling impossible. The many who tried it found it easier to fall than to rise again. The thirteen knelt and kissed the hand that was to serve them. Then the soup was brought in, and thirteen times a fat cardinal, kneeling, presented a plate to his Holiness, who, in turn, placed it before the waiting men. Some fell to eating in an abashed, some in an indifferent, and some in a hungry and eager, manner. The Pope broke bread for them, and poured for each a very little wine and more water, and afterward served them in the same manner with the fish.

During the process one had time to scrutinize the men chosen for this spectacle, and to search faces for the fancied characteristics of those once "chosen out of the world." Evidently no such thought had actuated the selection and arrangement of these. Behind the bronze statuette of St. Peter stood the only man, the low cunning of whose face would have authorized a place near Judas. The grossest man of all in appearance, who devoured his dinner as if he were fulfilling life's chief aim, had been placed by the representation of the thoughtful, spiritual face of the beloved disciple. There was a ludicrous inconsistency about the whole scene that was almost painful. The Pope himself seemed to be the only person engaged in the ceremony who even tried to make it impressive. The contrast was marked between the simplicity and apparent sincerity with which

the white-haired old man acted *his* part and the manner of princes and bishops and scarlet-clad cardinals who alternately sneered and smiled over their jeweled snuff-boxes behind him. After the fish, the Pope retired, leaving other courses to be served, for the chosen ones are bountifully feasted. When he lifted his hands to bless the people, the hall and all along the corridors of the Vatican rang with "Viva Pio Nono!" "Viva il Papa!" and amid a storm of cheers and a whirlwind of fluttering handkerchiefs the old man passed out of sight. Looking back from the door we could see that the priests whom we had left kneeling had risen and fallen to work again, plying their forks in the most interested manner. Once, thereafter, I saw their white robes pass in procession through the Sala Regia as they went out from their dinner amid the murmurs of the throng. Many ladies pressed up to beg a blossom or leaf from the withered bouquets, which they seemed not unwilling at last to throw aside.

I wish there were time to linger in these great Vatican halls, all opened and illuminated as they were this Holy Thursday, with marvelous frescoes of Angelo and Raphael looking down from the walls; with statues of rarest marble gleaming through the golden glimmer of lights, and softest music swelling and dying in the dim arches. For to-day, after all the morning services, the place is open to whoever chooses to wander about, until the time of the singing of the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel, where again may be seen Il Papa, looking wearied and disgusted, wrapped in his mantle of white brocade, and seated on his pontifical throne. We will not linger; for it is on the morrow, or Good Friday, that *Allegri's Miserere* will be chanted, and it can be heard nowhere else, and can here be heard but once a year.

Very much of the Romish Church music is grand and sweet. The boy choristers of Paris sing with taste and feeling unexcelled. One who has listened to Vespers at Notre Dame, or to the morning mass at St. Roche or the Madeleine, or to the chanting of the nuns in the Convent of the Sacred Heart



on Monte Pincio, in Rome, or to the boys who sing the grand old German strains in the Northern cathedrals, will acknowledge enjoyment beyond the spell of the operatic performances of modern quartet. But of all the Church's music the grandest is selected for Easter week, and heard during the ceremonies at St. Peter's; and of all the music of this week the *Miserere* sung in the Sistine Chapel on Good Friday is most celebrated. Here the usual requirement of full dress is enforced, and woe to the unfortunate man who trusts to the crowd to enter unobserved in a morning costume. He may escape the guard at the door, but is sure to be singled out in the audience. Several English youths relying on having successfully pinned back their coat skirts to the semblance of a swallow-tail, were led forth looking very crestfallen and forlorn, much to the amusement of those more fortunately attired.

The crowd about the doors and all along the corridors of the Vatican began to assemble in the morning. The *Miserere* is sung at six, and we arrived about two in the afternoon. The seats appropriated to strangers were already well filled. People were reading guide-books, novels, eating lunch brought in their pockets, and passing little bottles of wine from lip to lip, while a steady rattle of Spanish, French, Italian, and English beguiled the tedious hours. The light was good, and the opportunity a fine one for studying the blackened but magnificent frescoes of Michael Angelo in the celebrated "Last Judgment," that, like the "Cenecola" of Leonardo da Vinci, is at first but a confused mass of color, but grows and grows as one gazes, until its impression upon the mind can never be effaced. In its contemplation the jargon of tongues, the wine and bread and novels, on which one's neighbors feasted, were all forgotten, and the growing picture grew more and more in fascination every hour.

Now and then the door opened to admit a fresh detachment of people, whose *entrée* was of most ludicrous character. Hurried and pushed by those behind, they plunged headlong, men and women together, recovering

equilibrium by an effort, and changing the look of triumph to one of discomfiture under the laughing eyes of those already seated.

As the twilight descends, the candles are lighted before the altar and on the triangle, where are the fifteen huge tapers which are to be extinguished one by one as the service goes on. This represents, says one author, the successive abandonment of the Savior by his followers; and is significant, says another, of the light on earth during his life and the darkness that came with his death. The last light, which is not extinguished but carried out of sight, indicates his descent into the tomb, and its reappearance shows forth the hope of his resurrection. After the entrance of the Pope and the cardinals follows the chanting of endless nocturns. These penitential psalms are some of them arranged with the Lamentations to very fine music, but many also are monotonous and unimpressive.

But, when the last flickering tapers had departed, then, dim and vaguely outlined in the shadows, the Christ in the great picture looked more terribly real than before. Still could be seen the uplifted hands of the pleading apostles, the martyrs holding their crosses or showing the terrible instruments of torture. Here was the glad meeting of friends whom death had severed; the mother clasping her child, and the joyful angels leading their precious dead up from the open graves into the presence of him who stands majestic and glorious to welcome them, above whose kingly head rises a sea of faces of the blessed dwelling in light. And, on the other hand, intensified and vivified by the imagination, until it seems no more a picture, but a part of the living scene, was the boat with its dreadful oarsman drifting away into the darkness freighted with the souls of the despairing. It was so real we could almost hear the moans of the lost and feel the grasp with which the saved were clinging to the cross. Then the white-robed Pope glided through the dimness to the altar, and involuntarily every head was bowed, and I believe every heart, Protestant or Catholic, joined in the singing of the fifty-

first Psalm. No words can ever describe it. It is one of those things that must be felt to be known. For more than two centuries, once a year, that music, like a great wail and sob of penitence, has swept through the halls of the Vatican and over a multitude of hearts that changed prayer for praise long ago. Never was prayer so voiced before; never did anguish and self-contempt and self-renunciation throb and wail itself out in tones like these; never did aspiration go up so like a breath of incense as on some of these strains; never were tears set to music and dropped, one by one, crystallized and pearly upon the air, till Allegri wrote this *Miserere*. The music prayed heart-prayers, wept heart-tears; was full of longing and pain and, finally, of rest. I do not think a soul could be untouched by it; I do not think any one could sit, while the darkness deepened, and listen, and go away unstrengthened and unhelped—something that can hardly be said of any other ceremony witnessed in all the week. *Misereres* are sung on the afternoons of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Holy Week, both in the Sistine Chapel and in the Gregorian Chapel of the church at the same hour. There have been three *Misereres* in use at different times on this occasion, the oldest of which is Allegri's; the second was composed a century later by Bai; and the third, by Baini, is only about forty years old. A fourth, composed by Mustafa, the then leader of the Pope's choir, and the first singer in Rome, was sung for the first time ten years ago, and is an exquisitely beautiful work, not unworthy those which have preceded it, and whose melody has stirred so many souls during the years that are gone.

After this was over, we stole into the great cathedral, and, while standing in the shadows that wrapped the temple in a mystery of solemnity, a door opened, and from the Vatican, across the dim aisles and down among the somber columns, preceded by a few priests bearing waxen tapers, and attended by cardinals and soldiers, came the Pope, who always comes at this time on Good Friday to pray at the tomb of St. Peter. They moved on slowly till they

came within the circle of golden lights that glitter above the tomb, and there we left him kneeling as the night came down.

It is worth while, on this evening, to pass through the quarter of the town where are most of the butcher's shops; for, having been so poorly patronized during Lent, they are permitted to forestall Easter by a day or two, and on this night they begin this rejoicing by a fantastic arrangement of their meats and an illumination of their shops. In this vicinity all is mirth and gayety. Organ-grinders play vigorously, fresh paper flowers lie in the light of fresh tapers before the shrines of the Virgin. Even the eager eyes of the beggars gleam brightly, as, crouching at the street corners, they try to satisfy themselves with a *sight* of the world's good things.

The more important ceremonies close with Good Friday; but Saturday is occupied also with services preparatory to Easter Sunday. On this morning, from time immemorial, have been baptized in the Baptistry of St. John Lateran, all the converts that have been made during the year from among the Jews. To-day the celebrated bronze doors were thrown wide; the choir stood ready with their hymns of praise, the marble font, the same in which Rienzi plunged for a bath, and which ran wine for the Romans, in the olden days, was filled with holy water; but the converts were not there. The only person who felt the baptismal touch of Holy Mother Church, was a poor, little wailing baby, brought by a Jewish mother.

From the Baptistry to the Basilica of St. John Lateran is but a step. This is a magnificent structure, in which the Pope always receives the triple crown. We have only a moment to walk between these rows of marble apostles, to linger by the wonderful "Deposition" of Tenerani in the chapel of Prince Torlonia, and to stand by the touching Pieta in the tomb of the Corsinis, before the service attracts us towards the altar. There within the choir are lads and young men to the number of fifty, some in university gowns, and some in new robes of the papal priesthood. Every nationality and almost every variety of character is represented among them; and the young faces are at the same

time a pleasing and a painful study. These are the pupils of the Propaganda, or Catholic College of Rome, where any boy, of whatever nation or circumstances, may receive instruction and care during his youth free of expense, provided only he vows to devote his talents, energies, and acquirements to the service of the Papal Church. They are here this morning, some to perform their solemn acts of consecration, some to be invested with orders, and assigned posts as missionary workers in the great field.

While this service was going on, I saw the tapers being lighted by all the altars, and priests preparing to administer the Sacrament; and when the last strain of music died away, and the crowd began to move, I noticed all the back of the church filled with the poorer classes of the people, among whom were countless pilgrims, who, having deferred until the last moment the necessary confession and communion were anxious to embrace this opportunity to secure the Easter benediction.

Very early, while the light was creeping down from the hills and along the silent streets of Rome, the guns from the Castle of St. Angelo announced the breaking of the Easter morning; and then, out on the waiting air came such a peal of bells, such a swell and throb of bell-music as seemed to tremble, laden with its glad tidings, and to thrill Rome fairly to its heart. As early as seven the people are in the streets, where at every corner the flower-girls stand offering the bouquets, at which they have worked all night. Every body is in gala-dress; the coachmen even have new hat-bands and a blossom in their button-holes. The whole population seems astir, and the tide drifts, as usual, in the direction of St. Peter's. At eight o'clock so many carriages throng the bridge of St. Angelo that we have to pause awhile just there above the yellow Tiber and beneath the wide-spread wings and glancing sword of the bronze angel of the castle. All went one way, and, though they had been so many in the streets, when they reached the great square they made but scattering groups.

The piazza spreads wide and cool in the morning light, and on the steps of the

church, and in the corridors of the colonnade, little groups of pilgrims lounge, waiting for the commencement of the ceremonies of the day. Soldiers in gay uniforms move quickly hither and thither, and a little stream pours incessantly in, under the heavy woollen curtain, behind which stretches the magnificent length and breadth and height of St. Peter's. Here, already, seats appropriated to ladies are filled with those who have, for a time at least, assumed the black veil. They make a fine background, lighted, now and then, by a face that shines like a star above the throng below them. And what a throng it is! growing ever larger, and numbering thousands, before the time for the ceremonies to begin; yet seeming, in this great edifice, so few. In one balcony, reserved for their use, are the French ladies, to whom special favors were shown; and across the floor, followed by long trains of attendants, sweep the ladies of the noble families of Rome. Among these passed the Queen of Saxony and the ex-Queen of Naples. Then, outside of the charmed circle is every style and class of woman; from the restless American damsel who could not keep quiet long enough to sit during the service, to the pilgrims whose costumes, bright and picturesque, give loveliness to the moving picture. The gentlemen, who appear in full dress, with those who wear ecclesiastical robes, or uniform, are privileged to stand within the tribune, while outside the line of French soldiers wander to and fro great throngs of people, representing every nation and class under the sun; monks of every order, from the brown-clad, bare-footed Capuchin, to the white-robed Dominican, and the genteel Benedictine, in his shining cloak of black. The meek-faced nuns are here in spotless kerchiefs, devoutly kneeling, clinging together in little groups, like a flock of timid birds. 'T is a wonderful picture, presenting scenes and characters found nowhere else in the world. Far away in the choir, so far that only the faintest shadow of a sound creeps to us, services are being held. Around the bronze statue of St. Peter groups of believers cluster, clasping the well-worn foot, and dropping their tears and kisses upon it.

From the confessional the mystic rod extends, and, one by one, poor hearts unburden themselves, and receive its touch on their foreheads; and upon these sounds and sights so varied, so interesting, breaks the broad trumpet tone that announces the coming of the procession.

Then, suddenly, swiftly and silently the Swiss Guard enters, and sweeps down the nave in a double line, and, as a rainbow divides a mist, pierces the crowd, a dazzling line of brilliant hues and gleaming steel. Before them the dark throng seems to melt away, for no sound of trampling feet is heard, and a wide passage opens, on either side of which they stand during all important ceremonies; and up this broad marble street sweeps the magnificent procession. The Guard Noble, the Pope's special guard, composed entirely of the young nobles of Rome, and then the long train of cardinals, and the Pope, in robes of white silk, seated on a portable throne, and borne on the shoulders of his attendants, symbolical of his elevation as vicar of the Church. Over his head is a canopy of silk, embroidered with gold, and beside his chair are carried immense fans of ostrich feathers, signifying that the eyes of all the world are upon him, and suggesting also, the watchfulness of the Church over its own.

Nor are the other incidents of the procession without their mystical meaning. In the triple crown of his holiness, the lower circlet represents his temporal dominion; the miter, the spiritual; and the second the union of the two. The seven candlesticks, borne before him, have reference to the candlesticks amidst which the vision of the Son of God appeared to the evangelist, and typify, also, the seven gifts of the Spirit, and represents the seven ecclesiastical divisions of the city; so full of significance to a devout Catholic is every thing pertaining to the ceremonies of the day, however like unmeaning farces and gorgeous mockery they may seem to a looker-on, who beholds but the external of what he deems a fascinating falsity.

This procession moves on to the illuminated chapel in which the host is exposed,

when his Holiness is lifted carefully from his chair, and, kneeling on the cushions prepared for him, adores the emblems in silence. Then he is borne in, and placed in his seat at the epistle side of the tribune, where he sits—like an immense doll, but for a little flush that comes and goes on his aged face,—and gives his hand to a long line of Church dignitaries, who, one after another, like a class of school-boys, pass before him, make their bow, kneel and kiss his uplifted hand, and file off to make room for others. The second detachment kiss his foot, instead of his hand, and very funny work they make of it too. Then the Pope reads to himself the prayers preparatory to the mass, while one holds a candle for him, and another, kneeling supports his book, after which ceremony he is robed in the dress for performing the service, and proceeds toward the high altar. A cross-bearer, and Greek and Latin deacons, private chamberlain, patriarchs, and other prelates attending him; and near the altar three cardinals approach and embrace him with kisses on cheek and breast, exhibiting mystically the homage of the Magi to the Savior. The epistle and Gospel are sung, first in Latin, then in Greek, to denote the union of the Eastern and Western Churches; but the Primacy of the latter. This is followed by the washing of the sacred vessels, the testing by the sacristan of the wafer and wine prepared for the mass, and the singing of the sequence, in which Mary, returning from the sepulcher, is questioned by the disciples. This ends in a kind of chorus, which swells into a noble strain at the close, after a confession of faith in the resurrection. Two cardinals take their station at the high altar, to represent the two angels who stood at the sepulcher, and then is sung the song that offers up the praises of the Church to join those of angels, arch-angels, and dominions.

All this time no one can see who does not occupy an elevated position, beyond an occasional glimpse of an aged head, wearing now only its crown of gray hairs, and a hand that grasps the censer's silver chain. But by the power of the music, which goes on and on, telling with wondrous pathos and truth



the story of the Cross, and by the bowed heads and falling tears, one knows when the story reaches its culmination of agony and shame, and, by and by, there comes a moment, when, in all the great throng, priest and prince and pilgrim and beggar and soldier alike fall on their knees and wait, while the terrible "it is finished" goes over them in a shuddering wave of sound, that it seems must sweep into every soul and leave it full of tears; a sound that dies away in the distance and leaves them all kneeling there in a silence that can be felt; perhaps like that which followed the rending of the rocks and the sacred temple's veil. Then, suddenly,—and soft and sweet as tones we hear in dreams,—there fall, as if from the sky, or from the lips of the angels painted on the dome so far above us that they seem alive, the notes of silver trumpets. The effect is electrical. The last strain was of the grave and death and loss and pain. This is life and hope and salvation and redemption. *That* came from the Cross and the sepulcher; *this* is the voice of triumph that fell from angels when they welcomed him to heaven. *That* was Lenten. We have struggled through the dimness of the dawning, and *this* is the full glory of the Easter day.

The trumpeters are in the balcony just below the dome, so that the music falls from two hundred feet in air. There is not much that follows it, or, if there is, one did not care to hear.

The elements are consecrated by the Pope to typify the sufferings of the Redeemer in the presence of the people. The altar represents the table where the eucharist was instituted, and the throne the mount where the sacrifice was offered. The Pope partakes of the elements, drinking from the chalice through a golden tube, and the cardinals, deacons, Roman princes, senators, and conservators of the Rioni, receive communion at his hands. His Holiness is presented with a bag of white velvet, containing the offerings of the people for the singing of mass, and then forms the magnificent Easter procession, in which all the treasures of the Church are borne before the people, and after which the grand, imposing cortege

winds slowly down the long nave and out of sight, disappearing in the Vatican. Wherever the Pope is borne the people kneel, and he scatters blessings off the tips of his fingers, as when he passes through the street. They bear him into an anteroom for a moment's rest, while the people hasten into the great piazza to receive the Easter benediction, leaving, in five minutes' time, the great Cathedral quite deserted.

The immense size of the piazza can only be realized when it is filled with people. Then the colonnade seems to expand and embrace *all Rome* in its wide circle. Here at an early hour the people thronged; and it seemed full before the church, which had been well filled for the morning service, emptied its thousands into it. Long lines of motionless cavalry stretched from fountain to fountain. Lines of French infantry, in their red uniforms, swept round the whole, and made bright walls of division in the crowd; nuns, in white hoods, clung around the great Egyptian obelisk; and men, women, and children, all mingled in one silent, compact mass, waiting for the blessing of this kind, old man. Over the balcony, in front of the church, a white canopy was spread. From the front swung a richly embroidered cloth of velvet, and upon it three jeweled crowns were exposed. At the appearance of the Pope a great hush fell upon the crowd, and, almost without exception, the people knelt, with bowed heads, or eager, uplifted faces, to receive the benediction. It was a beautiful and most impressive scene. The soft sirocco fluttered the canopies and flags, the fountains let fall their silvery showers with a cooling, soothing sound, and their rainbows arched over the white caps of the kneeling nuns. The marble statues stood up still and gray with the softening touch of time, half-commanding, half-rebuking; benignant, yet dignified; and all unmoved by this great pageant. One breath of life only seemed to pulsate through the whole throng, when, clear and strong, the benediction spread its broad wings over them: "May the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, in whose authority we confide, intercede for us with the Lord. Amen! Through

the prayers and merits of the blessed Mary, ever virgin, of the blessed Michael the archangel, of the blessed John, the Baptist, of the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, and all saints, may the omnipotent God have mercy upon you. May all your sins be remitted, and Jesus Christ lead you to eternal life. Amen. Indulgence, absolution, and remission of all your sins, space for true and faithful repentance; hearts ever contrite, and amendment of life, may the omnipotent and merciful God afford you. Amen. And may the blessing of the omnipotent God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon you and remain with you ever. Amen." At the last clause the Pope makes the sign the cross over the people, and, at the words "descend upon you," he stretches out his arms to heaven, and folds them over his breast.

Then is read by one of the cardinals the bull of plenary indulgence conceded "to all who have attended the sacraments in the spirit of true repentance, whose hearts are purified from sin, and who are, therefore, in a state of reconciliation with the Church." It is said that, while there is one bull, promising indulgence, another pronounces maledictions on all enemies of the Church. I do not know how true this statement may be; but there came fluttering down two papers over the heads of the people, which the small boys struggled for as for roses in carnival. Then the cannons thundered from St. Angelo, the bells of all the city pealed out together, the flags are unfurled from all the watch-towers, and, simultaneously, all the veils are withdrawn from the Church pictures, and the whole city puts on her robes of rejoicing. The getting away from the piazza is a work requiring patience and dexterity. If one have the former, and have not already too much of Easter week, an interesting half hour may be passed in observing the scarlet and gilt coaches and the magnificent livery of the cardinals and nobles, as one after another they pass away, bearing their aristocratic burdens. To these state carriages precedence is, of course, given. Others must wait till these have rolled away toward the palaces on the Tiber, or the villas among

the hills. And now, so far as religious services are intended, the grand display is over for a year; but this Easter night, when the stars begin to come out, you will find lights gleaming from almost every window, transparencies before every shrine of the Virgin, illuminations in every piazza. One square shows you flowers of flame; one a chapel of Gothic workmanship, which, while you watch, dissolves in smoke; another has a fountain, from which flow streams of fire and glittering showers of stars. The name of Pio Nono shines forth in numberless places in letters of light. The broken columns in the Forum of Trajan are all connected together by chains of fire, while wreaths of electric light twine round the ancient pillars and over the porticoes of the ruined temples. The figures on the triumphal arches, battered and broken as they are, seem fresh and new as the bonfires flash across them, and the countless statues gleam forth in unusual proportions in the flicker of the lights. The Tiber is all aglow with a fleet of fire ships, that send off burning, fiery serpents to writhe and hiss a moment in the blackness of the night. The ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, and the mighty Coliseum, seem peopled with living shadows under the influence of the scene.

It is very unlike the Rome we have known in Lent. But they do not call this the "illumination." That will come on Easter Monday night, when there is, around the old obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo, a pyrotechnic display unsurpassed by any thing in the world, a lighting up of the heavens and earth such as the old obelisk never saw, even when it kept guard by the gate of the Temple of the God of Light on the borders of the Egyptian desert. They brought this obelisk from Heliopolis, the On of Scripture; but I doubt if it ever looked on so bright a scene as this even when Joseph, the son of Jacob, went in and out under its shadow in the days when he was wooing Asenath, the daughter of the priest.

But the pyrotechnic displays of the Piazza del Popolo and other places, are only accessories to the illumination of St. Peter's. To one who has never learned to love the old

church, this is of no special moment; but hardly any lover of Rome lingers long without learning to love her mighty temple. When we have seen the morning light pour in tender floods down the wide aisles, or seen the pictured heads of prophets, patriarchs, and saints set glowing in the noonday sun; when we have listened to vesper music while walking softly in the twilight under the dim arches, and seen how tenderly the night steals in to wrap the white statues in shadowy mantles, the place grows very dear. When we have heard its sounds and felt its silence and seen how moonlight and sunlight sometimes glorify it within, we can but watch with eager interest to see it glorified without under the touch of the fire.

No sudden glory burst upon our eyes, however; for of the two illuminations called the silver and the golden, the silver light comes first, and the four thousand men employed in preparing for it begin to light the six thousand lamps early in the P. M., so the glow comes as the daylight fades. By the time the darkness wrapped the rest of Rome in shadows, every column and cornice and frieze and outline of the building stood out upon the air in lines of living light. A dark cloud lay black and heavy against the horizon, making a somber background for the wondrous spectacle, against which rose out a temple whose every line and figure was wrought in tracery delicate as the silver frost. It did not seem like a glory *put on* from without, but as if a glory that had always been hidden had suddenly awakened to life, and was gleaming through each curve and line with a flickering and tremulous beauty. Under this mysterious transfiguration the

colossal statues on the roof and colonnade grew larger and paler than ever, and seemed to encircle the dome, like guardian angels standing there to protect the gleaming cross.

While we watched the exceeding beauty, the lamps burned down to the preparation used for the change of color, for this scene was not in these latter days of electric lights.

The silver gleam did not die out, but wavered, and paled as if death had indeed touched it, and then, just as we thought it was gone, it began to glow with a deep living luster that in a moment wrapped it as if from every nook and crevice had darted countless tongues of flame. No marvel that it brought swift thoughts of the "New Jerusalem come down from above," of the "temple that hath no need of the sun," of the changing "from glory to glory" till it reaches what "it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive." The mighty body, marble-like and cold, seemed suddenly taken possession of by some burning soul of flame, under which it was transfigured. Ever after it seemed, when looking at the old Cathedral in the changing lights and shades of many days and nights, there hung around it the memory of this hour, and a subtle sense of its secret power—again at will to glow and burn and be alive. It all went back into the darkness after a time; but, at midnight, when all the other lights were out, still they burned on in the gleaming cross above the dome, and there they made it shine and glow till the daylight dimmed it just as in Rome's darkest nights of error, high above all shadow of superstition it will continue to shine, till, under its light, the dawn shall deepen to the fullest day.

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### GOD'S MERCIES.

**M**ERCY and goodness, O my God!  
Have followed me through all my days;  
Thy strengthening staff and guiding rod  
Upheld my steps, made straight my ways:  
Lord, till I reach thy holy hill,  
Goodness and mercy guard me still.

And when I yield this mortal breath,  
My soul into thy hands commend,  
And pass the vale and shade of death,  
Thy staff and rod my path attend:  
Mercy and goodness then shall be  
My song to all eternity.

## POST-CHRISTIAN JUDAISM.

## I.

"**M**OVE on, faster, Jesus! Why dost thou linger?" said Cartaphilus, the door-keeper of Pilate's palace, as the condemned Galilean stopped for an instant to rest on his way to the Cross of Calvary.

"I go; but thou shalt wait till I return," answered the world's Redeemer, and all through the centuries this poor man lives, wandering homeless and friendless through the world. If he could once gain admission to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, his wanderings might end in rest and peace; but as each hundredth year brings him to its portal, at midnight of the anniversary of the crucifixion, he finds the entrance barred, and so "moves on" again, never to rest till the Crucified One shall return to the scene of his sorrows, set up his millennial kingdom, and begin his universal reign.

This legend of the wandering Jew, the same in substance, though varying in form, in the literature of the Eastern and Western Churches, is one of the most familiar of all the tales of Christian mythology. The wretched man has been seen from time to time, so it said; once in Hamburg, once in Dantzic, once in the vicinity of Oxford, which sent some of its learned doctors to examine him; whereupon he related, as from personal recollection, many of the events of the world's history, even as far back as the times of the apostles. A few years ago he was seen in one of our western villages in America, just in the gray of the morning; a man supernaturally old, with white flowing beard, and a look of unutterable weariness and sorrow upon his wrinkled face; but when he was accosted he made no reply, and only the more hastily "moved on."

This legend is more than if it were a simple historic fact. It is a historic crystal, an epitome of the annals of a nation of strangers, which age after age has wandered the wide world over, shut out, by their sins and unbelief, from the sympathy of Christen-

dom; yet bound together by their sorrows into a brotherhood which has defied the tyranny of all kingdoms and outlasted the convulsions of all times.

They have marched, with slow and bleeding steps, over the graves of nations and peoples vastly stronger than themselves, and every synagogue might have a double row of banners and trophies more glorious than those that hang in the chapel of the Hotel des Invalides, won from their myriad enemies, not by their valor in battle, but by their eternal patience and their immortal hope.

Like their great ancestor, Abraham, they dwell in the land of promise as in a strange land; permitted to own only so much thereof as answers for their graves; driven out from one country after another; fleeing from one death to another, yet never able to die; and never, until this nineteenth century of grace, finding a *home* among civilized peoples and a right to do aught else but to "move on."

One of their scholars has condensed their annals into this sad sentence: "The Jewish people have walked through history as in a dream; their eyes fixed on Zion's vanished glories." And another of this nation of strangers says concerning them: "Proud and sensitive by nature, and exposed to every species of humiliation and contempt, they have retired within themselves, and continue to be what the Seer from Aran described them in the older time, 'a people that dwells in solitude.'"

No thoughtful student of history can read the ancient records of this people in the writings of Moses and the prophets without reaching the conclusion that the Jews are a kind of exclamation point, with which God has marked his dealings with mankind; a race destined to show forth, before all ages and peoples, that Jehovah is King of Nations, as well as King of Saints; while in the Christian centuries their national life, which, like the gulf-stream in the ocean,



never mingles with the life through which it flows, contains enough of blood and tears to make them still a marvel and a miracle; a marvel of patience and purity, and a miracle of life which has outlived death enough to exterminate any race of men, if God had not sworn they should be immortal.

"Shall I crucify your King?" asked Pilate of the Jewish priests and people who brought Jesus before him for condemnation.

"We have no king but Cæsar," was their reply.

It was a sorry choice, for their "Cæsar" has ever been to them a cruel king; whether he were a heathen or Christian monarch, the Jews were always strangers and foreigners in his eyes, whose faith was ever a convenient reason for rapine and murder, and whose wealth was thus an easy prey. It has pleased the bigotry and the avarice of so-called Christian princes, magistrates, and nobles to hold these strangers as under a perpetual sentence of fine, imprisonment, and death; a sentence to be revived at pleasure and executed upon convenience, over and over and over again.

The history of the Jews during the Christian era, even down to a time within the memory of men now living, is chiefly a succession of persecutions, tortures, robbery, confiscations, banishments, and death. Under Titus, the son of the Emperor Vespasian, the whole of Judea was turned into a desert; nine hundred and eighty-five towns and villages were laid in ashes, fifty of the Jewish strongholds were razed to the ground; even the name of their holy city, Jerusalem, was changed to *Ælia Capitolina*, in honor of the Emperor *Ælius Hadrianus*, and the heathen deity, *Jupiter Capitolinus*; the Jews being forbidden to approach it on pain of death. Large numbers of them who had escaped the sword of Rome were sold as slaves to neighboring nations, some of them being sent to repeat the history of their ancestors in Egypt, except that this time there was no Goshen and no Joseph; nothing but "Cæsar" under a different name.

This was the final overthrow of the Jewish religion, in its ancient form. Henceforth their daily sacrifices ceased; they had no

altar or temple; nothing remained to them of their faith and worship but to cling to the covenant of Jehovah made with his friend and their ancestor, Abraham, to wait, to wait, and to pray.

In the second and first part of the third century, the Jews were comparatively prosperous under the line of Roman emperors, called the Antonines, one of whom, Antoninus Pius, the Jews asserted, was converted to Judaism; but in the fourth century, when Constantine became a Christian, and Christianity became the State religion, the sorrows of the Jews commenced again.

Under Julian the Apostate the Jews rallied to avenge their wrongs, thus showing the curious spectacle of persecuted Judaism and reconstructed paganism joining hand in hand against the Christian faith. Many of them served in the armies of the apostate, and others rallied to the rebuilding of the Temple; but the sudden death of Julian put an end to their scheme, and their short day of victory was followed by long and bitter ages of oppression.

The bishops of Rome did, indeed, relax their persecutions for a while, and made a systematic effort to convert the Jews; but in this they wrought at a serious disadvantage, for the Jews despised them and their hireling priests, not only for their religion, but for their abominable vices; whereupon, instead of washing the hands that held out the Gospel, the priests of Rome laid down the Gospels and once more took up the sword, so much easier was it thought to be to kill them than to convert them. Besides, these "dogs," as they were called, had even ventured to deny their orthodoxy on the ground of their iniquity, and what State religion could ever pardon such disrespect?

Again the Church raised the old cry against these "murderers of God," and proceeded against them somewhat as their own ancestors had proceeded against the idolaters of the land of Canaan. The Jews were outlawed, crimes against them went unpunished, and at length a systematic effort was made to drive them out of Europe, out of Christendom, and, if possible, out of the world.

Fleeing again before the storm of wrath

which their proud rejection of the means of grace from such soiled hands had aroused, the Jews were again scattered, taking refuge from their Christian enemies among the barbarous and half-civilized nations of Asia and Africa. Some of them found their way into the then mysterious realms of India and China, where they were found by the first Jesuit missionaries, in the tenth century, enjoying all the rights of citizenship, and holding their share of civil and political honors. In South-western Arabia, they collected in such numbers that they actually were able to found another Israelitish kingdom; and when Mohammed commenced to overrun Arabia with his twofold mission of killing and converting, he found, in this people, his natural allies. They, too, hated idolatry; they, too, believed in one God; and, they, too, knew, by inherited instinct, how to handle a sword and spear in the interests of religious faith. The mother of Mohammed was a Jewess, and had taught her son to admire the purity and simplicity of the Hebrew faith and worship; thus a second coalition was formed with this peculiar people. First it was the Emperor Julian and his heathens with the Jews against the Christians; now it was Mohammed and Islam with the Jews against the heathen.

But the compact was a short-lived one; for when the Jews came to understand that the theory of conversion or death was to be applied to them as well as to the heathen, they revolted against the prophet, and, after one of the bravest struggles for independence in all the annals of history, they were conquered, and driven from the country. Fate was still bidding them to "move on."

These exiles found a home in Syria; but on the death of the prophet they enjoyed a respite, and taking advantage of the troubles of the times soon made up for all their losses out of the fortunes of war. The era of the rise of Mohammedanism is also an era of the revival of commerce. Asia seems to have become too indolent even to make money; but the wars of Islam aroused her whole population to new activity; those who had the zeal and valor for it, taking the sword and the Koran, while many who did not care

to fight became camp-followers, seeking for adventure and advantage. There are always good bargains to be made in the rear of conquering armies, and many of the Jews, who were by far the most enterprising people of all Asia, became the possessors of what remained of the homes and fortunes of the victims of the sword of Islam. Notably was this true in the Spanish peninsula.

History credits the Mohammedan invasion of Southern Europe with the great revival of learning in that age; the conquerors bringing with them Arabian literature, science, and art. But it was not the native Asiatic Mohammedans who introduced this new era of learning; it was rather the Asiatic Jews who followed in the wake of their victorious armies.

In Arabia the Jews had been the learned class; they were the physicians, the philosophers, the poets, the theologians; they were the doctors and presidents of the schools where all higher learning was taught; they were also the chief artificers and skilled craftsmen; they were the fine workers in leather, in wool, and in metals; they were the coiners of all the money, for the reason that there was not enough of mechanical art among any other people to produce respectable currency. They were farmers and vineyardists, an occupation which has seldom been permitted to the Jews until recent times, the laws of most countries forbidding them to become land-holders. Some of them were counselors and leading members of the government. They were, as has been said, the teachers of the principal schools, and so great was their prosperity that many of the leading Jewish merchants and bankers excelled even the Moorish princes in wealth. But at length their wealth became too strong a temptation to the bankrupt Moorish nobles, whose consciences, as well as fortunes, were ruined by their profligacy; and on this account very oppressive laws were made, not against the Jews, but against their possessions, and for want of law, violence was often used to despoil them.

When Peter the Hermit preached the Crusades, and roused all Christendom to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the infidel

Turks, one of the inferences that overzealous Christians drew from his doctrine was, the privilege of raising money for this holy purpose by robbing and murdering the wealthy Jews. "We go to Palestine to slay the unbelievers; why not begin with the unbelievers at home?" was one of the warcries of those crusading days. In Germany, France, and England a raid on the Israelites was a frequent religious exercise among the intending Crusaders; and it was by such means that a considerable proportion of the vast sums of money required for this purpose were obtained. In 1189, the English knights, on the occasion of the enthronement of Richard I, inaugurated a warfare against the Jews, five hundred of whom shut themselves up in the Castle of York, where, after having destroyed every article of value they possessed, they killed first their own wives and children, and then themselves, rather than fall into the hands of these noble, English, Christian Knights of the Holy Cross! At length, after enduring untold torments, during three successive reigns, those that remained in England, about sixteen thousand, were driven from the kingdom, their estates being confiscated to the crown. Again they heard the cruel cry, "Move on!" but it was only from one sorrow to another. In the cities of Germany and France, to which some of them fled, they were massacred by wholesale as unbelievers. Louis IX of France, that very pious prince, as history calls him, among other religious acts of his reign, canceled a third of all the claims which the Jews had against his subjects, which "pious" act he declared was "for the benefit of his soul." In Germany the Jews were held as slaves,—the personal property of the emperor, called *servi camerae*, servants of the imperial chamber,—and were sold, purchased, or given away at pleasure. Thus the Emperor Charles IV once "presented the persons and property of his Jews to the city of Worms."

In a schedule of toll dues, dated from the year 1398, the toll for a horse was two shillings, but for a Jew it was six shillings. The Jew must not only travel but he must pay.

In 1196 the Jews were banished from Germany; in 1594 from France; and in 1743 Russia took up the stern command, and bade them "move on." In 1492, the date famous for the discovery of America by Columbus, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, whose names have been so glorified in history, issued an edict that all Jews who refused to become Christians should leave the kingdom, but should not be permitted to take any gold or silver with them. Some of these Jews were of families which had dwelt in Spain for nearly seven hundred years; long enough, one would think, to become natives of the soil. But the king's command was urgent, so was his need of money; therefore, about half a million Jews, leaving their riches behind them to fall into the hands of their greedy oppressors, fled from the country of their ancestors, and again scattered themselves over the civilized world.

There is one European country in which this nation of strangers have found a permanent home. Poland has been to the modern Jews what Babylon was to their ancestors—"a second Palestine." Here they have assembled in the largest numbers, and here are found the most zealous defenders of the Jewish faith.\* Out of the estimated three and a half millions of Jews in the world, one million seven hundred thousand are found in Poland. But strange enough there is no correct census of the Jews. The estimates vary widely from three and a half to fifteen millions, and since King David was so sorely punished for "numbering Israel," no one of that scattered nation has ventured to repeat the attempt, and just how many of these strangers are scattered abroad no man knoweth unto this day.

It seems incredible that as late as the year 1819 the old cry of Crusading days should have been raised against this patient and silent people. During that year a work called "*Judenspeidel*" was published in Germany which restated the ground of their outlawry, and declared that it was neither a

\*It is said that one of the Polish kings, Casimir the Great, had a favorite mistress who was a Jewess, and for her sake he gave unusual privileges to her people,—Ahasuerus and Esther over again, if you please.

sin nor a crime to kill a Jew, and actually proposed their extermination by such treatment of men and women as is quite unfit to be named. The old slanders were revived and circulated concerning Jewish physicians who had formerly been in great request. It was given out, among other things, that they were accustomed to procure the death of Christian patients; that they used Christian blood to sprinkle upon their door-posts at the time of the Passover, killing little children for this purpose; the plague, or black death, was laid to their charge, as having produced it by some awful concoctions of blood and poison which they had used in their medical practice, and all manner of blasphemies were declared to be practiced in their religious assemblies. To this attempt to rekindle the flames of fanatical zeal the Jews made no reply, but patiently waited until their personal and national character for quietness and sobriety should disarm their adversaries and give them peace.

The Jews are an avaricious people, but their money-getting and bargaining tendencies have come to them by hereditary necessity. With the exception of the short period previous to the Crusades, the Jews in most of the countries of Europe were forbidden to become owners of the soil; the guilds and trades-unions forbade the teaching of any art to a Jewish boy; thus whatever arts were taught and practiced could only be taught and practiced among themselves. There was actually nothing left for them but matters of money—money-lending for those who were rich, and peddling and small bargaining for those who were poor.

The persecutions of this people made it necessary that they should have plenty of money; it was their only protection. Neither the laws nor the religion in any of the European countries in which they dwelt regarded them as having any rights that a Christian was bound to respect. If they would live in peace and safety they must pay for that peace and safety in ready money; hence they have by necessity become a nation of financiers.

Napoleon I, perceiving the power which lay in the wealth of this money-getting,

money-lending people, made special efforts to attach them to his fortunes, and under the prevalence of the spirit of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality," the Jews were especially noticed, and much sympathy was expressed for them by some of the orators of the Revolution because of the persecutions which they had suffered. In February, 1807, Napoleon called a grand Sanhedrim at the *Hotel de Ville* in Paris—more than seventeen centuries after its last session in Jerusalem. Of this Sanhedrim two-thirds were rabbis and one-third laymen. As the result of its deliberations a system of Hebrew Consistories, culminating in a central Consistory at Paris, with a grand rabbi at its head, was organized throughout France, whose officers were considered as officers of the State, and whose salaries were paid in part out of the public treasury. The inevitable result followed. As there came a great backsliding in the early Christian Church when Constantine, as the Emperor of Rome, began to patronize the King of kings, so, also, when Napoleon began to patronize the sons of Abraham, their zeal and faith began to decline. For seventy years there was a noticeable religious apathy among the Jews of France; and doubtless it is to such temporary prosperity of their Church, through the patronage of the powers of this world, that we must look for the causes of that modern religious marvel,

#### REFORMED JUDAISM.

The steadfast faith of this people, in spite of unspeakable torments endured for sixty generations, is the greatest wonder if not the greatest glory of human history. Their common heritage of wounds, pillage, and death has been the basis of their unity, and the day must come when their later annals shall be written in lines that shall challenge the wonder, the admiration, and the tears of mankind. Wherever their wanderings might lead them, and into whatever depths of woe they might be plunged, from thence they ever turned their faces toward Jerusalem, happy only in the thought that they were the sons and daughters of the man who has come down to us in history as the friend of



God. But there are those of this nation of strangers who have at last found what seems to be a place of rest, in England, France, Germany, and America, who are not satisfied with the glories of Jerusalem, who are weary of looking for the Messiah, who mourn over their separation, and in whose hearts the hope of Israel has perished. These, therefore, have inaugurated a "reform," which from small and innocent looking beginnings, now threatens to transform a large proportion of this race of sturdiest believers into rationalists most irrational, and religionists destitute of religion.

The face of this reform movement does not turn toward the cross of Calvary, nor yet to the clouds that hang above the Mount of Olives; no Messiah, crucified, risen, ascended, and pledged to return, is invited in to take the vacant place of honor in their faith and love: they are throwing away Abraham for an ancestry by evolution; casting aside Moses and the prophets for progressive liberalism, that is merely a high-sounding adjective, and a noun which is *only* a name.

"We reformed Jews are inclined to laugh when we hear you talk about our return to the promised land. America is a good enough Canaan for us, and Washington a good enough messiah." Such an utterance, which is a fair expression of the thought of the leading reformers, is a sad prophecy of further sorrows for this devoted race; it is only another apostasy to the false gods of this unbelieving age, an idolatry as contrary to the God of Israel as was that of Ashtaroth or Baal.

Reformed Judaism is a product of Germany. Its father is rationalism, its mother is the State Church. In order to hold any office, civil or military, in Germany, it was necessary that the man should be a baptized Christian, the importance and sanctity of which rite had fallen very much in the estimation of the Jews of Germany, in consequence of the realistic views of religion put forth by some of the teachers in the German universities. This teaching of rationalism and materialism the Jews proposed to turn to good account; and presuming that Chris-

tianity had become simply a blind dependence on the Infinite and the Universal, as one of its so-called teachers declared, some of the Jews offered to become Christians on condition that they be permitted "to omit observance of the Christian festivals, reject the doctrine of the Trinity and the Divinity of Jesus." It is hardly necessary to say that the State Church authorities did not receive the proposal with favor; but the act is significant, as showing the influence of German rationalism upon the minds of the Jewish youth.

Felix Adler, in the *North American Review*, dates the rise of this Jewish reformation from the translation of the Pentateuch by Moses Mendelssohn into the vernacular German in the year 1783. This "second Moses," as the reformers called him, was a writer of philosophy and æsthetics in Germany, a profoundly orthodox believer, and an earnest and successful advocate of the political and religious rights of his nation. He seems to have had no intention of upturning the foundations of the Jewish faith and Church, in his efforts to lead his own people into a larger knowledge of, and more intimate sympathy with, the learning and culture of modern times. He observed with pain the complete possession which the Talmud and its traditions held of the minds of the German Jews. It had even crowded out the Bible, and caused it to be comparatively neglected.

To weaken the influence of the Talmud, in order that the influence of the law of Moses and of God might be strengthened, was the first essential measure of reform. And to do this the new translation was published in German words spelled with Hebrew letters. Hebrew is the sacred language of the Jews, the language used by them only in acts of worship, and for ages it was held to be a crime and sacrilege to translate the Torah (law), or the Hallacah (prophets) into any unsanctified tongue. This translation accordingly was greeted with a storm of abuse. The orthodox Jews raged against it as a beginning of innovations—the letting out of waters; but among the less fanatical, and more intelligent class, the benefits of such a version of the Torah was recognized,

one of which was a revival of interest in the sacred language itself, which was but imperfectly understood even among the Rabbis.

In 1845 Rabbi Holdheim's congregation in Berlin formed what they called a scientific association of Reformed Jews, whose purpose was to change the form of ancient Judaism so as to bring it into harmony with modern conditions of society.

"The temper of the reform school," says Felix Adler, in a recent article in the *North American Review*, "has been critical. The present condition of liberal Judaism is strangely akin to that of liberal Christianity. The old is dead, the new is not yet born."

Thus the "liberal" Jew is a wanderer in faith. Having shut himself out from the house and hope of his fathers he finds no rest for the soul of his foot; but comforts himself with science and philosophy, waiting for some new messiah, of whose appearing there is neither prophecy, promise nor sign. Among other innovations they introduced a Sunday service, which eventually compelled them to abandon the Jewish Sabbath, as it was found to be impracticable to gather a congregation for worship on two successive days of the week. In the houses of worship of the orthodox Jews, which were called tabernacles, the men occupied the principal floor; while the women occupied the galleries, which were sometimes surrounded with wire netting, like a bank counter; but in the reformed places of Jewish worship, now called temples, families occupy a pew together. In the orthodox synagogues the prayer-books are all in the sacred language, while in the reformed temples the prayers are printed in parallel columns in Hebrew and in English, German, or whatever is the common language of the people, and if it were not for the Israelitish nose on so many faces, a wealthy and fashionable congregation of Reformed Jews could hardly be distinguished from a congregation of Unitarians, or of any other people who do not believe in our Lord Jesus Christ; and they would surely not be taken for members of the same religious household with the the Polish or Portuguese Jews who crowd their poor synagogues to suffocation and

weep and wail and beat their breasts as they chant the minor chords of their mournful service of worship, clinging with all their hearts to the promise of Messiah's coming.

Concerning the principles of the Jewish reform, Felix Adler, in his articles already referred to, declares "that the measures of the reformers were in the main dictated by a sentiment of patriotism, and a desire to remove the barriers that interrupted between them and their fellow-men; hence," says he, "the leading propositions upon which reformed Judaism is founded are:

"The Jewish people have ceased to be a national unity, and will exist hereafter as a confederation of religious societies.

"If the Jews have ceased to be a nation, then the Reformers must abandon the idea of a national restoration. They did so.

"If they have ceased to be a nation, they must give up the hope of the Messiah which should lead them back to the promised land. They did so.

"If they desired no longer to remain in their seclusion they must abolish the dietary laws which forbid them to taste of the food of Christians, though commanded by the Talmud and founded upon the authority of Moses. This, too, they were willing to do."

It would seem that the more radical among the reformed Jews were willing to do even more than this; for Rabbi Holdheim of the congregation of Reformed Jews in Berlin (now deceased), actually advocated the intermarriage of Jews with Gentiles, the abolition of the rite of circumcision, and almost every other distinguishing mark by which the descendants of Abraham are known.

Such a reform orthodox Israelites could not fail to regard as an unspeakable calamity, as well as monstrous impiety. It threatens nothing less than the total extinction of the Jewish race. One fact deserves notice in this connection, as partly accounting for this so-called "reform." There is no ecclesiastical organization amongst the Jews. Any ten men are competent to form a "congregation" at their pleasure, and this congregation holds all the powers and prerogatives of the Jewish Church. They have no priesthood, no ministerial succession no

"orders." Their rabbis, though called masters, are masters of nothing except of the Hebrew tongue, and such other acquirements as their place and work may require. They are not even masters or rulers of the synagogues in which they preach; that office being filled by election, like their own, though with this difference—the ruler or president (who occupies a place in the pulpit with the rabbi and readers or assistants) is elected by the male members of the congregation for a specified term, six months or a year; the rabbi is elected to serve during good behavior, and has a much more permanent situation than pastors among his Christian neighbors.

They have no synods or conferences, neither priest nor bishop, being the most ultra Congregationalists imaginable. The idea of priestly office or ecclesiastical authority in any shape is hateful to the modern Jews. "The whole people are priests," it has been said, and never since the Temple of Jerusalem was laid in ashes has a priestly caste been known among them. The nearest approach to it is the Aaronites, who still trace their descent from God's first high-priest in Israel, but who do not claim any priestly powers or honors, simply holding the ministerial office of pronouncing in the congregation the words which Aaron received from Jehovah to be used as a benediction, namely:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

At first the attempt was made to defend each new measure of "reform" on the authority of the Talmud, but when this failed the attempt was made to found the reform on the Bible; but the Bible did not serve the purpose even as well as the Talmud; therefore the reformers proposed to draw a distinction between the *letter* of the Torah and the *spirit* of the Torah, saying "the *spirit* of the Bible is the essence of Judaism, which can not change." This spiritualizing process is favorable to "reform," and through its operation no vagary or heresy is impossible. These are the days of evolutions and revolutions. There are men among us who can invent new religions, and there are always people to believe in them; but that this reforming mania should have reached the Jews, whose religious monuments bears the blood-marks of countless martyrs, the fire-marks of endless wars and judgments, and the water-marks of the deluge,—that any of this bargaining people should sell their ancient faith for the cheap doubt of to-day, which can only be exchanged for the cheaper doubt of to-morrow, is one of the marvels of history, and one of the saddest proofs that "blindness is happened to Israel."

#### THE FIRST SOUL ENTERING HEAVEN.

TEN thousand times ten thousand sung  
Loud anthems round the throne,  
When, lo! one solitary tongue  
Began a song unknown!  
A song unknown to angel ears,  
A song that told of banished fears,  
Of pardoned sins and dried-up tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host  
Could these high notes attain,  
But spirits from a distant coast  
United in the strain;  
Till he who first began the song,  
To sing alone not suffered long,  
Was mingled with a countless throng.

And still as hours are fleeting by,  
The angels ever bear  
Some newly ransomed soul on high  
To join the chorus there.  
And so the song will louder grow,  
Till all, redeemed by Christ below,  
To that fair world of rapture go.

Oh give me, Lord, my golden harp,  
And tune my broken voice,  
That I may sing of troubles sharp  
Exchanged for endless joys;  
The song that ne'er was heard before  
A sinner reached the heavenly shore,  
But now shall sound for evermore.

## AMONG THE THORNS.

## CHAPTER V.

THE attack that prevented the completion of Robert's letter to his Aunt Patience proved to be more than the ordinary prostration that, of late, seemed to follow every unusual exertion. It was Richard's habit to go to his brother's room before retiring to his own at night, and to sit by his bedside and talk or read to him until the invalid was ready to fall asleep.

He was the more careful to do this after having made the discovery that Peter, the colored man, who was supposed to perform the duties of nurse at night, regularly betook himself to slumbers, which must have been "of the just," for nothing short of the last trump seemed to be able to rouse him. On this particular night the sound of his regular breathing came distinctly from the dressing-room adjoining the invalid's chamber. Richard passed the fellow as he reclined on the cushions of the broad, low window seat, which had been one of Lucia's favorite places of rest. His great hands hung helplessly by his side, and his head was dropped upon his breast in all the profound unconsciousness of the first slumber. His black profile and bent figure made a strange silhouette, as Richard saw it outlined in the half-light and half-shadow of the rising moon. He passed him and paused at the door of his brother's room a moment, thinking he too might be asleep, and, if so, that he would not awaken him.

As he waited he caught the sound of Robert's voice, speaking in a low tone, but with great earnestness.

"No, Marah," he heard him say; "I shall make you no such promise. It would be impossible to carry it out if I did do so. I could not prevent the separation in the future, when it would be still harder for you both."

For a moment he paused, interrupted by a low, convulsive sobbing that seemed to come out of the darkness beyond his couch. Then he went on.

"You must hear me now, Marah; I have listened to all you have to say, and you must understand me once for all." The sobs ceased, and he added, "I have given you your freedom; it has been yours for more than a dozen years. I have not left you to the mercy of strangers, but have kept my promise to my wife to provide for you. You will want for nothing, and I wish I could keep the other promise not to separate you from our child, as I have kept it all these years. But,—listen, Marah," as she began to speak; "I find I can not trust you. You vowed if I would let you stay that you would never allude to the forbidden subject, and again and again you have broken your word. I am sorry, but I can not trust you. The sooner you two are parted the better. I can not die in peace, feeling you have it in your power to destroy her whole life's joy. I can not bear to think that any day you might forget yourself and utter to her what you have just repeated again to me." And Robert's voice, which had been so stern and hard that Richard would hardly have recognized it, actually trembled with the excitement of his emotion.

It had been in Richard's mind, still more puzzled by the mysterious disappearance of the letter, to delay no longer in asking of his brother to give him some better comprehension of Marah. And now he seemed to stand at the very threshold of the knowledge he desired, and knew he ought not to stay and hear it, and yet he seemed unable to go away. Once he turned to go, but the negro moved uneasily in his dreams, and he persuaded himself it was better that he should hear than to arouse Peter to a consciousness of any thing unusual in his master's room. At first he could distinguish nothing in the chamber save the bed which lay just before him, white and smooth in the struggling moonlight; but a noiseless change of position showed Robert sitting half upright on a couch by the window,



where he could sometimes rest when the oppression at his chest made it difficult to lie down. Here some of his most suffering nights, and the days when he was unable to go out of doors, were passed.

It needed no sense of sight to show the intruder that Marah was both trembling and weeping. She was beside the couch, half-kneeling with her face buried in her hands. She lifted it now, and said, eagerly, and yet with a certain restraint in her broken tones, as if she feared his displeasure:

"You will—I beg you will think it over again. You would not be so cruel to me as to send her where I could not be with her? I did not want the freedom; I do not want the money; I can not go away; I would rather be her slave and yours forever!"

"And yet you dare to say a thing to me, so monstrous, so untrue, that I wonder why I have ever borne to have you in my sight. Go! I am glad you are free; I am glad I have no claim on you, and that you can make none on me. If you were still my servant, I might feel bound still to endure this life; but—" he paused, for she had lifted her head, her eyes fixed on him with burning eagerness to take in the full meaning of his words, and her face white with excitement. Never removing her gaze, she suddenly drew from her bosom a paper, and holding it close to his face, she tore it into a dozen pieces. She twisted and throttled and wrung it in her hands as if it had been a serpent, and shook the fragments off from her fingers as if they were stung by their touch. Then she folded her hands together on her knees, and still gazing steadily into his face, she repeated in a solemn whisper:

"If I were still your servant you would still endure? I am your servant, I am your slave! You will not throw me off, you will not send me away?"

But he was very angry, and she saw it, and pleaded:

"For *her* sake, for Lucia's sake; *she* was not pitiless, she knew how I loved the babe; *she* bade you not to take her from me. *She* would be merciful now!"

"Not if she saw, as I do, what her mistaken mercy had done. She wanted you to

care for her child, not to claim her as your own. She thought you would recover from this mad delusion, and I thought, Heaven knows I thought, you had recovered from it or I would have made the separation long ago."

Mad or not, the woman's anguish was terrible to see, and must have been terrible to feel. Whatever delusion held her, it had all the force of reality to her; yet, while she knelt there, with clasped hands, utterly forgetting in her anguish, who might see or hear, it was hard for Richard to refrain from adding his pleading to hers.

Robert did not speak; but turned his head wearily toward the window, and the moon, rising higher, sent a ray flickering across his face, and Richard saw it was ashen pale.

The woman battled bravely with the sobs which shook her as a tree is shaken in a tempest; but in the battle she gained some ground, for at last she said, gently:

"It is twelve years and more, now, master."

"Do n't say *master* to me, Marah!"

"It is twelve years, sir," she began again, but a great sob ended the effort.

"Since what, Marah?" said he, more patiently.

"Since she died, since she promised me the child should not be taken away."

"And since you promised me you would never claim her for your own."

"And I have never broken my word save when I thought yours was to be broken; and when I was mad with some terror of losing her; as when I heard you talk of sending her to school; and now, again, when I hear you talk of sending her North without me. O Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!" she exclaimed, with a passionate uplifting of her hands to the sky, "plead for me; pity me; for I can not let her go. You will not let him rob me of my child."

"Stop!" and Robert was on his feet in an instant. "The child is hers, is mine. Would you rob a dead woman and a dying man?" Then sinking back on his couch, he added in a husky whisper, "Go away from me, Marah. Go, now, lest in my anger I forget to pity you."

And she staggered to her feet, and would have spoken, but he motioned her away; and, as she passed out at one door, Richard, alarmed for his brother's condition, moved quickly to his side.

Robert lay, panting and exhausted, his eyelids quivering and his hands trembling. Richard longed more than ever for Aunt Patience; but he administered a cordial, and then sat down in silence at his brother's side.

The moon came up above the shadow of the trees, and a silvery light crept into the room. The leaves quivered and whispered in the breeze, and a sleepy bird awoke and twittered softly to its mate. The colored man slept on, and the brothers sat together in the stillness, though Richard knew Robert was very far from sleep. At last he opened his eyes and said:

"I am not as strong as a few days ago, Dick."

"No; I see it, but I trust you will be better soon."

"I have been having a talk with Marah, to-night, and I want to speak to you about her."

"I heard most of it, brother. I was at the door," said Richard, longing to hear further, yet fearing his brother might not be equal to the recital, and anxious to make it as brief as possible.

"Did you? Then I am glad, for it leaves me less to tell, and, indeed, Dick, I am hardly able to talk to-night. Give me the sleeping draught now, and to-morrow, when we are out in the sun, I will tell you all about it."

"Yes, that will be far better." But Richard was disappointed, nevertheless. Robert was very restless, and when at last he seemed to sleep, Richard decided not to leave him, and seated himself at the window, waiting for the night hours to wear away. He did not change his position for a long time, partly because he did not wish to awaken Robert, and partly because he had seen a dark figure glide out from the shadow of the old mansion and hasten down that same path to the boat-house, which he had seen Marah take in the afternoon.

He had seen and heard enough to make him anxious, and his first impulse was to

rise and follow, fearing, as he remembered the distracted mood in which she had left his brother, that she might be driven, in her extremity, to do herself some harm.

But while he was revolving in his own mind how he could escape without arousing his brother, he heard again the slight sound of a step on the walk, and saw Marah emerge from the path, and take her way toward the wing of the house in which were her own and Ruby's apartments.

As she glided under the window where Richard sat, Robert moved uneasily, and murmured, "No, no; go away from me;" as if, even in his sleep, he were conscious of a presence. He roused himself slowly, and seeing Richard still at his side, said:

"Ah, now, I feel refreshed; but, Dick, it is late, and you ought to be at rest. Peter is in the next room if I should want any thing."

"I know it, brother; but I am not tired and I could not sleep if I tried."

"Why not, Dick? has my talk with Marah disturbed you? It was vexatious; but after all one can but pity her. Her delusion is a terrible reality to her, and she suffers greatly at the thought of a separation from Ruby."

"Why must there be a separation?" asked Richard.

"Because it is inevitable at some time; and I fear it has already been delayed too long. I do not want Ruby to continue dependent on Marah's presence, or Marah to go on feeling she can not exist unless Ruby is in her sight. It will cause trouble for both by and by."

"But why?" asked Richard again. "I am not surprised that it seems hard to them to break the tie. I am only puzzled that it seems to you a necessity. Ruby no longer needs a nurse, but she needs a maid or companion, and Marah seems identified with all her life."

"Yes," said Robert, thoughtfully, "their relation has been peculiar. Marah has never been like servant to Ruby, and she has tried as far as she could to supply to her the place of her mother. In violent illness I think her care has saved her life. She was once a slave, but she used to take time from sleep

to learn whatever the child must be taught, so that, as she outgrew babyhood, I should not employ a governess. Even after Ruby passed from her training into mine, I rarely gave the girl a lesson that Marah did not in some way manage to learn it herself. If, by any chance, she missed hearing my instruction, she would get it second hand from the child, and pore over the books with her in her hour of study. In short, she has had no life but in this girl for many, many years."

"Then why part them?" again asked Richard, who wanted to get at the bottom of the mystery. "No one will ever serve Ruby better; I am sure Aunt Patience would say such love as this should not be thrown aside."

"True, true; but then Aunt Patience should know all. I hope yet to have a chance to tell her. At present, it is my wish to have them separated as soon as possible after I am gone. If you take Marah North with Ruby you will never cease to regret it. She can ruin the child; not that she would mean to do it, but the woman is crazed on some points, Dick, and her insane impulse would, surely, sooner or later, be beyond her control. Then the mischief would be past all undoing," said Robert, sighing, as if the whole subject were a burden on his heart.

"But what could she do?" asked Richard, eagerly. "Why do you talk to me in riddles?"

"Claim Rubetta as her own child, as she sincerely believes she is;" was the answer. "Lift me a little higher, Dick, and give me the cordial; if I can, I'll tell you all about it now."

Richard arranged the pillows, and Robert smiled, and patted his hand as Hugh had often done. His face, with the brown hair shading it, was not unlike Hugh's, and Richard, half-forgetting it was not the face of a child, stooped and kissed his forehead as lovingly as a woman could have done. And the recording angel knew, that to one soul would come no sweeter moment this side heaven. And the recording angel knew that to the other soul would come no purer moment this side death; and, if the angel smiled at one and wept over the other, he spoke no

word to either. Yet, there they sat, like two women, hand in hand, through the solemn midnight, and Robert told his tale.

"You see, brother, the little daughter came to us just as we were about moving into this house, and this was Lucia's room. (That little antechamber where Pete is sleeping so soundly was put in the octagon tower, that the windows might open on every side and the cradle never be out of the sun.

"Lucia continued feeble, and our first problem was to secure for the child a suitable nurse, who would leave nothing for the delicate mother to do for her babe but to love her. This seemed to me all the more important, because so great was Lucia's tenderness that she was hardly disposed to let the child be taken from her arms.

"In this emergency we learned of a young slave-woman, a quadroon, on a neighboring plantation, who was inconsolable on account of the loss of her child. They told us she had been delirious at the hour of her little one's death, and, on recovering consciousness, they had been unable to persuade her the child had not been stolen in her sleep.

"Poor thing. She had had a terrible experience which accounted for this delusion, and which, had Aunt Patience known of it, would have called forth an outpouring of her vials of righteous wrath; for it illustrated one of the worst phases of the system she abhors."

Robert paused a little, and then went on, speaking slowly, and like one who related a dream:

"You see, Marah had been reared in the house of her master, a planter, her special duty being to nurse her mistress, an elderly invalid, who was unable to leave her room.

"This brought her in contact with the various members of the family, among whom was a nephew, the heir of her childless master. This young man lived much of the time abroad, coming home, now and then, and bringing, on these occasions, his man-servant, a fine young mulatto, with a skin only a shade darker than his blue-eyed master's. This young fellow constantly saw Marah

during her years of youth and beauty, and a strong attachment sprang up between them.

"He told her he had the promise of his freedom when his young master should come into possession of his estate, and that meantime he would be saving all his gifts to purchase her freedom, should not her mistress, in remembrance of her faithful service, bestow it upon her. They came of a patient race, and full of these hopes, they were married, and she was happy in his absence in thought of his coming again, and of the bright future that spread before her imagination. The secret that her children would not grow up slaves was the comfort of many a lonely hour.

"But shortly after her second child was born the young master came home one day without his servant. The poor fellow had fallen a victim to yellow fever, during a short visit to New Orleans. With mistaken kindness, they at first told her he had been left behind, and sent on a commission for his master, and that he would soon return. Then when he did not come, they felt that anger was better for her than grief, and allowed her to believe he had forsaken her, and taken advantage of their trust to make his escape to Canada.

"But this deception had quite the opposite effect from any they anticipated. Instead of settling quietly to her tasks, thankful for a home for herself and her babes, and resentfully glad to be rid of her husband, they soon discovered her mind was full of faith in him, and continually active with schemes for finding and rejoining him.

"When once she had run away with her two children, and had been brought back footsore and wretchedly ill, they saw their mistake, and told her the pitiful truth.

"But, deceived once, she now saw in this story only a device for keeping her at home. And when a second time she attempted to go North, the family were so displeased with her obstinacy and insubordination, as they called it, that they resorted to the discipline of sending her to live among the plantation hands, and apportioned to her her labor in the cotton fields.

"Here the heart-broken mother performed

her daily task, watering full often the field of labor with her tears; creeping at night to her bed in the hut of old Dinah, hugging with one hand her baby to her breast, and holding fast with the other the hand of the little boy, who was scarcely more than a baby himself. Old Dinah was too infirm for labor in the field, and therefore to her lot fell the care of the little children whose mothers were at their work.

"But it came to pass one night, when Marah came, tired and sad, to her children, that her little boy was gone. Old Dinah said he had been taken from the little garden patch while she was busy in the house; but there were other Rachels on the plantation who were mourning for their children, and it did not take Marah long to find that in her absence the master had sold her boy.

"Old Dinah knew Lucia, and had at some times been hired from her master for service in our house, and having occasion to come here of an errand, she told my wife a pitiful story of Marah's grief for her lost son.

"From that night, she said, whenever she lay down with her baby on her breast, one hand always wandered over the pillow as if in search for his curly head. She would not talk of him, but in the morning when she went to her work she took her baby girl in her arms, and laid it by her side, never letting it for a moment go beyond her sight. For a little time they humored her in this, for there was a look in her face which they hardly cared to see, but after a while they thought she did not work so well with the child, and the overseer ordered her at night not to bring it to the field again, but to leave her with old Dinah in the hut. She made no answer, but in the morning, when she went forth to her labor, the child was sleeping on her breast. Old Dinah begged her to let her take it, and promised the tenderest watching; her companions in labor, mothers whose children had been sold, men who dared not raise a hand in her defense, all pleaded with her as she passed their cabin-doors; but she only hugged the baby tighter and walked on. When the overseer directed her to go back, placing himself across the track, she an-



answered, 'I can die, but I will not give up the child.' Then he unclasped her slender wrists with his strong fingers, and lifted the clinging, wailing little creature from her breast. It was vain to resist, though she clung to it with all the strength of madness and despair. She looked at her arms as if she could not believe that they were empty, and then threw them up to heaven, and with a terrible cry, which those who heard it never forgot, she fell like one dead at their feet.

"They carried them back, mother and child, to old Dinah, and she nursed Marah the best she knew; but the poor girl raved for days in the wildest delirium of fever. And during this time of unconsciousness, the babe, a little dark-eyed daughter, sickened and died."

"How terrible!" said Richard, shuddering.

"Yes, terrible indeed," answered Robert; "and when I recall it, my heart smites me for having spoken harshly to her, and aches at the new cruelty I contemplate. And yet I see no other way. I can not let the sins of those who wronged her fall on the head of my own child."

"And Lucia pitied her?" asked Richard, anxious, now that his brother had begun, that he should go on with the story.

"Ah, yes! She wept plentifully over old Dinah's story, and was ready to take the suffering slave girl to her heart in sisterly sympathy. For, strange as it may seem, she had no comprehension of our caste of color and no palliation for the sins of the peculiar institution."

"But tell me more of Marah, brother," asked Richard.

"Yes, when I begin to speak of Lucia, I forget all else," said Robert. "When the poor desolate mother arose from this bed of illness and asked for her child, and they could only show her a baby's little grave, she smiled in contempt at their effort to deceive her. No amount of persuasion could convince her that the child was dead. She had no recollection of the passage of time in illness, but she remembered well the sharpness of her struggle to keep her child, and the tearing asunder, as it were, of body

and soul, when it had been taken from her arms. She believed it had been sold, like the other, and her whole thought and life seemed to turn on the one pivot of a plan to find them again.

"She believed vaguely they were with white people, that they had been taken from her because they were white, and belonged to the master's family. Those who talked with her humored her fancies, and comforted her by telling her they would be brought up in the house, and possibly adopted; that she never need fear her beautiful white children would grow up as slaves.

"And on this hope of finding them she lived. The mother in her could not die. She was gentle, willing, obedient, industrious, but her life was all one longing for her child. In all else she was a machine, performing mechanically whatever labors were assigned her, but never rallying from the profound melancholy that showed how really dead she was to every thing around. And when old Dinah told Lucia how sad she was, and yet how gentle and skillful, it occurred to us that she might serve to help in care of our own precious babe. 'She would surely love it,' I said to Lucia. 'Yes,' she answered; 'and who knows but the child might charm her poor heart from its trouble?'"

"So it was settled that I should write her master, who, as I heard, would very cheerfully have her removed from contact with the rest of his slaves; and I found he was only too glad to let me hire her. This I did; very soon, however, buying her, at Lucia's request, both to save her from any further sorrow, and to make her free, which afterward was done."

"And which now she has undone," said Richard.

"Yes, you saw that, then? she destroyed, in a moment of excitement, her papers; but they can be made again. Marah must not be left a slave.

"To old Dinah was consigned the task of persuading her to come to us. At first she would not listen; but when the wily old negress told her, in a whisper, that the beautiful Italian lady wanted to see her, that there

was at the villa a child, a little girl with dark eyes, whom they wanted her to care for and to love, and that the child even looked like her own little daughter, she was seized with a longing to come. And old Dinah, who prided herself on her ingenuity without dreaming the harm she was doing, told us, that though it was a stormy night, and miles away from her cabin, she could hardly restrain her from at once undertaking the journey.

"And, in the early morning, she was here sitting by the door, haggard, dew-bedraggled, and weary, with burning, hungry eyes, that made me half-sorry I had sent for her and more than half afraid to trust her. I took her in to Lucia, and she began to talk with her after her own child-like fashion; but all the time these eyes were searching the room from cradle to bed, and back again to the cradle.

"Then Lucia beckoned her nearer, and, folding back the coverlet, showed her the little child, and she broke into a passion of weeping, and gathered the little creature up in her arms, and covered its face and head and even the little red, clinched hands with kisses. And she sobbed out, 'My baby! my baby! my poor, little lost baby. Can I have her? Tell me, lady, can I have her again? You will not take her away from me?'

"And Lucia was too tender of heart to see any danger, or to feel any thing but pity, so she said: 'You shall help me to take care of her, and we will both love her, and we shall see her grow up bright and beautiful.'

"She is beautiful, so beautiful, is she not?" murmured Marah, in the softest tone, for the tears had drowned out all the fire in her eyes. 'Can I hold her? Can I stay with her here?'

"Yes, indeed," answered Lucia, and then, as if some motherly instinct revealed to her that she might be yielding too much, she added: 'you can do every thing for her that you wish; but you must not take her out of my sight.' And Marah watched her for a moment, and seemed to rest in the idea that the babe was safe with Lucia, that Lucia was the protector of both.

"For a few days, thereafter, whenever any one came into the room the new nurse

moved instinctively nearer the child, as if she feared some treachery would take her out of her sight. She even seemed afraid of me, and I sometimes felt almost impatient with her; but one mother heart understood the other, and Lucia bade me wait, prophesying that we should soon find the love of this poor creature a treasure no money could buy for our child.

"And she was right. All the passionate joy she felt at finding something to fill the empty place in her heart seemed to quiet under the influence of the real mother, and her sense of ownership seemed to diminish with no one to dispute her right to love the babe as much as ever she chose.

"And next to her love for the child was her love for Lucia, which latter feeling was mingled with admiration and reverence. Instinctively she copied her voice, her movement, her manner.

"She begged to be taught, and showed in learning the eagerness of a student, and the docility of a child. Soon all traces of an unsettled mind passed away, and she grew happy, and became invaluable to us in countless ways. Before Lucia died so indispensable had she grown to us, and especially to the child, that, as I told you, I bought her, and gave her her freedom, knowing her love would prove the strongest of all bonds, and that nothing could tempt her to abandon the child.

"And all through these years she has been to Ruby what no other being save her mother could have been, behaving uniformly as if she had no claim upon her save the one I gave her, with the exception of such instances as you have witnessed to-night. The fear of parting always seems to bring back the old insane instinct. Whether she always believes the child is hers, and ordinarily controls the belief for the child's sake, I do not know. Certainly, when under the influence of the dread of separation, her conviction can not be shaken that we bought or adopted the child. Sometimes the feeling is much more fierce and powerful than at others. If, for example, I had persisted in sending Ruby to school, I should have been forced to send Marah to an insane asylum. And I doubt

if I had not taught her myself, if a governess could have lived happily here. It has been a sore trial to me," Robert added wearily; "and now I am not willing Ruby should find it a trial, as she surely will later in life, if I do not make the break now. If you do for her education what I desire should be done, changes *must* come, and then such a story as Marah's would, if believed, blight the child's whole life."

"But I think we can control all that, brother."

"Yes, I can control it while I live; but I can not trust it after I am gone. Ruby would miss her sorely, but her jealousy and resistance of any other influence will be sure to break forth when most to be dreaded. Yes, my heart aches to do it, but I still think she should be left behind when Ruby goes to your home."

"Then it must be she honestly believes Ruby to be her own," said Richard, turning the matter over and over in his mind.

"At times, yes. At other times she seems puzzled and distressed. I think she appreciates the advantage of her belonging to me, and knows it would do harm to claim her. In her unexcited condition she would not do this. Then, again, she adores the memory of Lucia, and half believes Ruby to be hers; but when she is excited by terror, and loses mental poise, she feels she could not suffer thus at parting with one not her own. Her very suffering seems to her a test of her relationship."

"What do you think she did with your letter, Robert?"

"I think she heard all or enough of my talk to you to excite her fears that I had made some plan to take effect after my death concerning the child. She could not resist the temptation to satisfy herself on that point. Having read my letter she will return it, and very possibly confess having been mastered by her terror. She is very penitent when she realizes she has done any thing unworthy of the child."

"Well, the letter contained nothing to distress her."

"No; but the dread is certainly agitating her soul; for she was unwilling to leave me

without a promise that she should go North if Rubetta went, and when I reproved her, said, 'she was, indeed, her own, her very own child.' Ah, me! it is one of the subjects on which I would like to talk in all seriousness to Aunt Patience, if only I could get to her."

"We will have her here yet, Robert, never fear. She will be sure to know the best way out of the troubles, and very likely to influence Marah so that no harm shall be done."

"I hope so, truly," said Robert, languidly. "I trust much to her and much to you, brother. I did n't mean to tell all this, to-night, Dick," said he, looking lovingly up in his face; "but I am glad it is told."

"And so am I," said Richard, "for now you see she can not do much harm," said the brother, reassuringly. "Still, I wish we need not take her further on into the life of the child. It would be better if it ended now."

"Yes, better far," and Robert sighed, as if, notwithstanding the lengthy confidence, the burden were still heavy upon his heart.

Before the story was finished, the moonlight had given place to darkness, and the darkness to the gray of dawn.

When he thought Robert was sleeping, Richard stole away to his own room, and while the sun was reddening the eastern sky he was writing a letter to Aunt Patience.

He told her nothing of the tale he had just heard; but he wrote of Robert's numbered days, of Ruby's seeming unconsciousness of the terrible sorrow creeping upon her; of Hugh's improvement; last, of the necessity for his going home.

"My letters are most unsatisfactory," he said. "My business anxieties are very great, and my anxiety about Florence greater. I have consoled myself in this latter regard by the thought that you were probably there; but much as you are needed, I believe the sorest need is here. Come if you can, and as soon as you can." And he added, "I had hoped, dear Auntie, that the day for bringing our burdens and sorrows to you was over; but I fear me you will never cease to share our stings so long as your earthly habitation is among the Thorns. We are rightly

named, dear friend, and you alone of all the race, so far, seemed destined to comfort and soothe. The rest of us have gone through life, tearing where we can not mend, wounding where we can not heal. Hasten, then, lest you find some of us past healing, for we are indeed sore, and I confess I need you for the problems of my precious brother's life."

When the letter was finished the house was not yet astir; but Peter, who had slept comfortably all night in his master's dressing-room, was just shuffling himself away to bed, when Richard opened the door upon him.

"Oh, it is you, is it, Pete? Tell them in the kitchen to send me a cup of coffee, and order my horse, will you? for I want to ride over to the post before breakfast."

The man looked so injured and helpless, glancing up and down the corridor as if seeking some way of escape, that Mr. Thorn was reminded of Tom in some of his searchings amid the caverns of his own mind for a subterfuge that would sound the most like the truth or the least like a downright lie.

"Perhaps you are too tired after a night of such labor to attend to my orders," he said with a half-smile that ended in a frown.

It was hardly worth while to waste a sarcasm on Pete, who only looked innocent as he replied:

"Lor' bress my soul, Marsa Richard, I'd go myse'f for yer 'f I was n't so dreffle stiff in mornin', marsa. Pete git mighty little rest, I tell yer, when dere's sickness in dis yer house; a mighty little sleep for poor old Pete."

"I suppose so; but if the master sleeps you do not mind. I hope he passed a comfortable night," said Richard, with a twinkle in the corner of his eye.

"Oh, yes, marsa, cumf'ble and quiet like a chile; sleep like a gentle little lamb; but ye see, I dars n't take a wink even when he's a sleepin', for he might want me jess dat purtickler wink, 'e know. No 'deed, dar's no way but for dis yer watchman ter set straight up, jest like 't was the walls of Zion or a fust-class prayer-meetin', a keepin' of his eyes open the bressed night froo. Dat's what I does, marsa. De good Lord keep dis

sarv'nt Peter from feelin' shamed when he hears dat sassy white cock crowin' i' de bressed mornin' light," and the newly awakened watcher fervently rolled his eyes in a sanctimonious gaze such as would have been impossible to any sinner clothed in a fairer skin.

"Well, well, give the orders for me, and be off to bed. You must be worn out, I am sure," and the door was shut in his face with rather more energy than was needed.

A half hour later the clatter of a horse's hoofs broke on the stillness, startling the baby birds from their morning nap in the nests, whence the mother birds had gone already in search of breakfast for their young.

The fresh air revived him after the sleepless night, and all the many things that perplexed him took on the daylight aspect, and seemed less hard to combat than a few short hours before. The rapid motion quickened his pulsations and seemed to free his brain, which felt as if spectral spiders had been busy all night weaving over it invisible meshes till the filmy net became a thing that bound him like a chain. But now he seemed to break away, and all the difficult things looked possible to him. The strange tale he had heard of Marah came back to him like a dream. The effect of this new and heaven-prepared elixir of fresh air upon his overstrained nerves was such as to make it seem easy to control her conditions. It even seemed possible that his brother should recover; that Hugh should grow to be a strong man; that he should see Clara and Florence made happy by the wealth he would wrest from the world and bestow upon them both. He dashed hastily on, feeling his power to grapple with life and all its difficulties had rallied from some deadly creeping apathy and weakness, against which he had felt it almost vain to strive. For the first time for weeks he feared nothing. His phantoms were gone, he knew not how nor where.

Suddenly a turn in the road brought him upon a dark figure seated upon the grass by the wayside, in an attitude of great weariness. He knew it was Marah at once, but the horse, startled at the sudden apparition, reared and plunged, and Richard, finding he



was becoming unmanageable, tried to save himself from being thrown by attempting to spring to the ground. But his foot caught and was held fast in the stirrup, and for an instant his head touched the ground, while the plunging horse tried to break from the rein, to which he still clung with all his strength.

But quicker than thought, at this perilous moment the woman sprang to the horse's head, which she seized with both her hands, drawing it down with all the strength in her arms, until the frightened eyes were on a level with her own. The creature's lips curled back viciously from the ferocious looking teeth as if he would tear her in pieces; but she spoke gently to him, and put her hand fearlessly and caressingly upon the dilated nostrils.

"Why, be quiet, Sancho, be quiet! Surely you know Marah; surely you know me," she said, soothingly. And the horse did know her, and ceasing to struggle, stood quivering with excitement, but passive under her caress.

"Wait, Mr. Thorn, wait an instant! Lie still, and I will release you," she said, without changing the tone she had used to the horse, and at the same time loosening with one hand the rein that had been wound again and again about his wrist.

With this hand freed, an instant sufficed to release the prisoned foot, and he was at her side ready to take the horse from her hold. But she went on soothing him with touch and voice, and he rubbed his head against her as if quite content.

"Well, Marah, you saved my life; but for you I should have been dashed in pieces."

"No, Mr. Thorn," she said without looking at him, "but for me there would have been no danger. I suppose I frightened the horse, and I am surprised at it, for we are such old friends. You ought to have known me better, Sancho," she said, patting the creature's head with hands that trembled, now that the excitement was passing.

"But Sancho could not see your face, as you were lying on the bank. Were you ill?"

"No; but I was tired. I have had a long walk—too long to be taken before breakfast.

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But are you hurt, sir? I hope you are not hurt," she repeated with the sudden eagerness that betrayed her desire to withdraw his attention from the tell-tale pallor of her face.

"No, I do not feel that I am hurt at all," said he, shaking the dust from his garments, and stamping vigorously, to make sure he had the use of his limbs. "But, indeed, it was a narrow escape. You are far more shaken than I am, Marah. How will you ever get home? I could not trust you to ride this brute. Will you wait here till I can send for you?"

"Oh, no, indeed; I beg you will not do that. I meant to be back before any one would miss me. I thought—that is, I hoped—Mr. Thorn and Miss Ruby would not know I had been out."

Richard felt the appeal her utter frankness made to him, more than if she had begged him not to betray her, and he answered at once:

"Oh, no; they need know nothing about it. I, too, came out without disturbing them. Were you going on to the town? I have a letter to post there for Miss Patience Thorn. Can I not perform your errand too?"

She started, as he had expected she would, for he more than half believed she too had a letter to Patience Thorn; but, except by the little nervous start, she did not betray herself.

"No, I thank you; I have no errand, and I am not going that way. I am going home," and she darted a swift suspicious glance from under her lashes.

He doubted her; but she spoke truly, notwithstanding. She was not going, for she had already been to the town. As Richard gazed at her, the story Robert had told him came rushing back to his mind, and from his heart he pitied her for the suffering through which she had passed; and he saw, unless the haggard face and burning eyes belied her, that she was suffering still.

Half ashamed of his effort to make her betray herself, he said gently, as he turned to remount his horse,

"Marah, I let you go back alone, because you wish it; but you have saved my life, you

know, and if ever in yours there comes a day when I can serve you, will you remember how glad I shall be to do it?"

She made no reply, not even lifting her eyes from the ground; but, as he moved away, she sprang to his side, and laid her hand upon his arm, as if in his words she had suddenly found a straw to which her soul, already drowning in black waves of trouble, might dare to cling. The touch of her fingers burned the man, as they curled around his wrist, and her eyes burned him with their troubled, flickering fire, as she fixed them on his face.

"Do you mean it?" she whispered huskily; "do you mean it, Richard Thorn? Men of your race, with brows purer than yours and eyes with a look of heaven in them, yet can bear on their souls the blackness of broken vows. Would you keep your word? Do you mean that you would serve me,—a woman and a slave?"

"Yes, Marah," he answered soothingly; "I would surely perform for you any service in my power."

"Then do this," she whispered, and she tightened her grasp and lifted her face nearer to his: "Do not believe the story your brother told you in the midnight. I heard it—at least, a part of it—and I have heard it before. I have tried to believe it; but though your own brother told it, it is not true."

The horse pawed restlessly, and she soothed it with one hand, but she did not release him from the other.

"The child is my own. You will not allow her to be taken from me? It is impossible that I should harm her. See how I love her! Only a mother could love her child so that for twelve years she would keep silence as I have done. Lucia said again and again that she was my own. Promise me you will believe it; that you will not let me be betrayed."

As he sat there with the clear, blue sky above him and this woman's eyes gazing upon his face, there swept down into his soul a temptation that must have shamed the angel of light. A demon, whose voice had been hushed for many months, crept near and whispered: "After all, it may be

true. If it is true, then the child was never Robert's child, and your brother has no heir."

The thought that followed was too black for him; the air that a few moments ago was like an elixir of life seemed stifling now with the unseen smoke of the pit. The temptation took no shape, but he felt dizzied; the air upon his face seemed stirred by the black wings of some bird of the night, that circled around and around his head, though his will seemed to struggle to drive it away, till suddenly his downward eyes met the burning glance of the woman, and the black wings fell downward too, and flapped nearer and nearer and finally drooped upon his breast.

"No, Marah," he said in a husky whisper; "I will never betray you; I will never take away your child."

She uttered a joyful cry like a wounded, suffering creature suddenly released from a snare, and she would have kissed his hand, but he shook her off, and, plunging his spurs in the horse, dashed down the road with bent head and teeth shut tight together, as if after that falsehood, he never meant to open his lips again.

So he rode out into the pure air of heaven, that had intoxicated and blessed him with hope. But as he went that black-winged bird had folded her wings and was busy building a nest in his soul, where, soon or late, if he cast her not forth, a brood of sinful thoughts would spring, which should peck and peck at his heart till, to save itself from the sting of their venomous beaks, it should change to a stone in his breast. And yet he had made no plan of evil; he had not even matured a purpose to take advantage of this complication in his brother's life. Only two thoughts had come to him borne on the black wings of the tempter—very harmless thoughts if he had throttled them at their birth: One, "how much better for my interests had this story been true;" and the other, "how easily it might be proven true." And he hated himself for both, and, alas, he kept them both; not as a possible clew to the way out of his own miserable labyrinth of embarrassments, but as

something that in the hands of a man less honorable, less true, less loving, might have been such a clew.

And Marah stood and gazed after him with a face such as she would have worn had she seen and held converse with an angel. She even walked on with a smile lighting the dull pallor of her cheek. When he was almost out of sight he suddenly turned in the lonely road, and came back again to her side. As she heard the sound of the heavy hoofs coming nearer and nearer, and turning, saw the hard, set look on the rider's face, her terror returned, and her cheeks blanched as if each footfall were a blow that sent the blood back upon her heart. Could he have changed his mind? Was he coming to say to her that he could not protect her? Would he thrust her down from the height of hope where his promise had set her? In an agony increasing every second she awaited his message.

"Marah," he said, reining his foaming horse close to her side, "do you wish me to be your friend?"

"Have I not asked it?" she answered.

"Then you must be frank and truthful with me."

"I am truthful; I have spoken only the truth," she answered, her terror seemingly yielding to resentment.

"Tell me, then, will you, what you did with my brother's letter?"

"I took it to the old boat-house by the lake, and left it hidden beneath the vines."

"And why, may I ask?"

"To read it, Mr. Thorn. I feared it held some plan for taking away my child. I wanted to be sure. I live in terror of losing her."

"Did you read it?"

"Not then; not all of it. I was interrupted by the boatman, and afraid to be noticed."

"When did you read it?"

"Last night," she replied, fearlessly, though much agitated. "I went for it in the night, I could not wait. I was sure after what Mr. Thorn said to me, that the plan was there, in the letter; that Ruby was to go to the woman—the woman you call Aunt Patience."

"But you found no such plan."

"No; I found nothing about that."

"Then did you destroy the letter?"

"No. Why should I keep it from the lady? I sent it to her."

She answered him with the perfect fearless frankness of truth; yet he was not satisfied. He paused a moment in silence, and good angels gathered round him, white-winged bearers of a thought of Robert, of Hugh, of his blessed mother, of Aunt Patience herself, and for a moment he was inclined to ask her no more; to keep his word to spare Marah, and to protect his brother's child. But the black-winged bird fluttered at her nest-building and struck her claws deep into some of the rotten timbers of his manhood, and tore up by the roots some tiny, twining loves and memories, and went on building her nest. The man could not see the tempter nor the angels. He hardly knew what was going on within him. He only kept on asking, when he should have stopped; yet to go on seemed such a meaningless insignificant thing. Who could have guessed it held the germ of death for a human soul?

"Marah, when you were searching my brother's portfolio last night in the dark, what had you lost? Tell me for what you were searching."

"The letter closed so suddenly, I fancied there might be another leaf, Mr. Thorn. Besides, I wanted the address; I thought it probable the wrapper was there. I did not wish to keep the letter."

"Did you find the wrapper?"

"No; but I got the address."

"From Robert?"

"No, from Master Hugh; he was speaking of Miss Thorn, and I asked where she lived, and he told me. I shall never forget. I shall know where she is if they take my child to her."

"But the letter?"

"I have mailed it this morning," she answered, with the fearless frankness of a child.

So this was all the secret of the midnight visit to the shrubbery, and the wearisome morning walk. Robert was right then in saying she would probably confess all about

it, and that intrigue for her began and stopped with her fear of losing the child.

Besides, she trusted this man. He had promised to believe and to aid her, and she knew he could do it; and she began to rest from the terrible strain which she could not much longer have borne. That Robert was dying she knew full well; that Richard's coming meant a change for them all, she knew; and her jealous apprehension, concealed as it had been, had yet wrought fearfully upon her until, at last, she had shown it, and well-nigh brought about the thing she dreaded most, by convincing Robert that the influence of her old delusion was still upon her.

She made her way homeward, weak from the sleeplessness and misery she had undergone, and crept to her own apartment near Rubetta before the child was fairly awake.

Worn as she was, she managed to hide every token of her suffering night from Rubetta; but as she brushed and braided the girl's hair, she was careful to place the mirror where Ruby should not watch her face. This was a service in which Marah took special delight, and, except when Ruby rebelled and insisted on dressing it herself in her own way, no one but Marah had ever touched her hair since first she poured upon the baby head the chrisom of grateful tears. And somewhere near her heart she carried, even now, a little silken curl cut from the infant's head. That this lock was in color like another cut from the brow of her own lost babe was one link in the evidence—an evidence entirely of the heart and not at all of the reason—that in Ruby her own had been restored.

The hair was long and abundant now, and answered each smoothing touch by following the lifted comb with a little rebellious roll and wave of its own. Ruby, who usually was full of restlessness until the process was over, sat this morning in patient silence, which Marah was quick to accept as a special indulgence to her own delight in having her all to herself. There was no service Marah would not have performed for the joy of touching and caressing the child. She fed and rested her heart on it now; for there was

no telling how soon Rubetta's mood might change; but she missed the girl's bright talk, which, at this hour, was usually as constant as the twitter of the awakened birds.

"Are you not well, my child?" she asked, tenderly, letting her hand follow the comb in its track down the shining waves of hair.

"Yes, dear Mamma Marah, I am well; but I am not rested. All night long such bad dreams troubled me. I thought I heard papa talking, talking, and every now and then he said 'Rubetta' till I thought he wanted me. And I would have gone to him, Marah, but I called you; and when you did not answer, I was sure you had gone to take care of him. Then I fell asleep, and woke and slept again; but I was always troubled. I dreamed some one was hurting you, Marah mia," and she threw her hands up over her head with a little, quick Italian gesture, and patted Marah's hands, "and you sobbed and cried, and said you could not leave me, and then I forgot that again."

"You rambled too long out of doors and rowed too hard on the lake to sleep soundly," said Marah, who comprehended at once, that, through the open windows, the sounds of the night had crept on the still Summer air to the bedside of the child, and mingled with her broken dreams.

"No; the walking and the rowing with Cousin Hugo are good for me; but, at night, when all is quiet, I become more and more nervous about papa. Do you know, Marah," she said, with her lips quivering, "I am haunted lately by a fear that he will die. And yet it does not seem possible that he could go to my mamma, and leave me quite alone."

"He would not leave you quite alone," said Marah, lifting the lock of hair she was smoothing to her lips.

"I know it, good Mother Marah; I do not forget you. I am glad they never taught me to call you mammy, as the children here do their nurses; for I like to call you, Mother Marah, you dear old blessing!" and again the arms were lifted, this time giving her an impulsive hug about the neck.

"I know I have you and Hugo and Uncle Dick, and I shall have Aunt Patience, and



perhaps Aunt Clara and Cousin Florence, though I know them so little that I can not make them seem near. I do n't feel, somehow, sure they would love me; but Hugo says they will."

"Indeed they will," said Marah, stoutly.

"But about papa, Marah. Hugo tells me the only way to keep my heart from being troubled all the time is to pray. God can make him well, you know, or Hugo thinks so; and the Bible says, 'Let not your heart be troubled.'"

"Yes," said Marah, looking over the child's head into the distance, "the Bible says that. My old mistress used to have me read that to her when I was a girl."

"Hugo tells me, Jesus would not have said that, if he had not intended to take all the trouble for us himself; so we are praying every day, Hugo and I, that papa may be made well."

"And I will pray it too, darling," said Marah solemnly.

"And yet, I confess to you that I *am* troubled," the girl went on. "Since we began, it seems to me I have done nothing but pray; for whether I walk, or work, or draw, my heart keeps saying, 'Oh, do not let my father be taken away!'"

"And God hears you, child; he has surely been better of late."

"Yes, he seemed so, until yesterday; then he was so ill that all my trouble came back again. Do you not understand it, Marah?" she asked, dashing the tears from her eyes.

"Yes, yes, dear child," she answered fervently. "Have I not prayed so, day and night, sleeping and waking, 'O God, do not take her away?'"

"Was it mamma for whose life you were asking?"

"No darling, not your mamma."

"For whom then? I thought you loved mamma better than any one."

"Oh, for my child, Ruby, for my very own child!"

Ruby had heard, at some time, that Marah had lost her children, and had other terrible things to bear in her life, and she thought to divert her by saying,

"Once I asked papa if he prayed to God

not to let my mother be taken away, and he said—'Yes, child.'

"'And did he answer?—did he hear?' I asked, and he replied—'Yes, Ruby, he always hears. I asked for her life, and he did better for her than I asked. He gave her the Life Eternal.'"

Richard came in to breakfast so refreshed from the bath and the change from the mud-stained garments, as to show no trace of the sleepless night, the fall, or the excitement he had undergone.

Marah, too, was about the house as usual, betraying by no sign the terrible agitation through which her soul had passed, unless, indeed, one saw, as Robert did, with what trembling hands she adjusted the cushions of his empty chair upon the porch.

Robert was too weak to leave the couch in his room thus early, so they wheeled it near the window to give him the morning sun. His waking thoughts had been full of pity for Marah, and when he saw her faithfully preparing the chair he had no strength to use, he called her to him and spoke soothingly and gently to her—

"You must put away your terror about parting from Ruby," he said, "and I must put away mine about your forgetting to whom she belongs. You would not wrong her in the way I feared, and I would not wrong you in the way you fear. So let us forget the night, and help each other all we can in the days that remain. I am sure you love Ruby too well to do her harm, and I have too much service to remember toward Lucia and her child, to do *you* harm, unless—unless, indeed, you force me to it."

And her poor heart was comforted, for, under the burden so insupportable the night before, two men had laid their hands. She had Richard's promise, and now she had Robert's on which to lean. Her sorrow endured for a night; but joy—or hope, at least—had come to her in the morning.

When Ruby found her father was not so well, her heart, already troubled, despite her praying, with the fancies and forebodings of the night, was filled with apprehension.

She announced to Hugh, after breakfast, her determination not to leave papa for any

further rambles, or rides, or hours upon the lake. But when Robert discovered her purpose, and saw the bright young face clouded by anxiety, he called Richard, and said, his eyes filling with tears,

"Do you know, Dick, I do n't think I can bear to see that look on her face. When her mother first discovered that the physicians could not save her, she used to follow me with her eyes as if she knew she would not have me long in sight, and could not bear to lose a moment; and Ruby is beginning to watch me in the same way."

"Have you told her, brother?" asked Richard, tenderly.

"No, no, and so long as she was bright her face was such a comfort, and every hour with her was a delight; but now I fancy she is beginning to know what is to come, and the thought of leaving her behind is a torture."

"I know it, Robbie,"—he always said Robbie when he was deeply moved—"but it will seem less hard after you have spoken to her about it. Believe me, it is better you should tell her the truth."

"I presume you are right, but I have not the strength for it—certainly not now. If her mother were only here, she would comfort her. I sometimes wish I might go when she did not know it, and when I did not know! I almost think her mother would be allowed to comfort her then. What sweeter work could God have for her to do, in heaven? She would surely want to come. Do you think he would deny her?"

"I do not know, brother. All those things are a sore puzzle to me; but there is no harm, surely, in your hoping and believing any thing that makes it easier to leave her. It's hard enough at the best."

"And I am a coward about nothing else, Dick, save parting with that child! When I think of my own pain, I find only pity in my heart for Marah."

"Since you do not feel able to have Ruby about to-day, suppose I take her on my ride with me, and get her to show me the country."

"That will be so kind of you, Dick. She dearly loves a scamper across the country;

but her rides of late seem to have been taken at a pace to suit her escort, rather than to bring a glow into her own cheeks."

"Well, Hugh shall stay behind to-day, and I will charge him to read you to sleep. We must make up for the lost night in some way!"

And Robert accepted the arrangement without further words, evidently glad to be released from the exertion of talking.

All the morning he seemed suffering from excessive languor and weariness, lying with closed eyes, or gazing dreamily up through the moving leaves at the bits of blue sky and the white clouds sailing like ships across a deep of azure.

Ruby accepted her uncle's invitation to ride, but not with her usual cheerful alacrity, until her father said,

"You know all my favorite spots, pet. Take the forest road through the pines, and go on to the Sunset Ridge. Then come home by the road I told you your mother always loved, that brings you out by the river."

"Yes, papa," she answered somewhat listlessly, and Hugh was inwardly wishing he knew how to spare her the doing what she did not wish to do; but her face brightened when her father added, passing his hand over her hair,

"You see, darling, I believed I should be strong enough to show Uncle Richard all the places we love best; but I can not play the host, so my little daughter must be hostess, and take pleasure in doing all her lazy old father ought to have done."

"Yes, papa, precious;" but to hide her deeper emotion she added playfully, "lazy papas must have the same treatment they prescribe for lazy daughters; they must be cured of their laziness, not indulged in it."

"True," said he, trying to smile back to her, "but you must take warning by me. You see that, after a time, if we go on 'leaving undone the things we ought to have done,' we come to a place where there is no health in us."

"Then we must bring the health back to you, papa," she said, her lips quivering, "I can not, indeed, I can not have you so ill."

"Well, well, go with Uncle Dick, then, and bring me back my rosy cheeks and bright eyes. They are my medicine; and I will rest while you are gone. Who knows but you may find me feeling well when you come back?"

Richard saw how his brother was trying to hide his weakness and pain, and inwardly resolved to stop at the house of a physician, and ask him to drive over and make a friendly visit during the afternoon.

When, a little later, the horses came round, Ruby came rather slowly down the steps, her little riding whip and white gauntlets in one hand, and holding her skirt in the other.

As her uncle was about to lift her into the saddle, she saw that her father had been moved to his old seat on the veranda, and caught his eye resting upon her with a look of tenderness she could not resist. She threw down the whip, and in an instant was kneeling by his side, her arms tight around his neck, and her face hidden in his bosom.

"Why, what does all this mean?" smoothing her hair with his white hand. "You ought to be half-way down the avenue by this time."

The child was all ready for a passion of tears, but she controlled them, and whispered, "O papa, let me stay with you. Hugo and I are asking God to make you well, and I have been so troubled lately lest he should not hear me."

"He *always* hears, my daughter! Remember I told you he always hears!"

"Yes, and I feel somehow this afternoon sure that he means to hear us. I am not afraid as I was. You will get well, only I want to stay every moment and see you grow better. You *are* feeling better, are you not?—better than yesterday?—than this morning, even?"

"Yes, love, I am feeling better, and we must not keep Uncle Dick waiting."

"No, no,"—glancing at her uncle, who was busy talking to Hugh at the foot of the steps—"but I can not bear to go. I feel as if I were starting on a long, long journey."

"Nonsense, child, you are going to leave all your fancies, and take a ride with Uncle

Dick; and remember you have to do for him what I expect you to be doing for some one all your life long."

"What is that?" What do you mean?" she asked, quickly raising her head.

"Just what you think *I* would do if I were in your place. Will you do it?"

"Yes, indeed, I will try; only you know I could never be like you."

"You can both be and do far better; for you can *be* your best. Papa has never been or done *his* best. You will be what I meant to be and was not; you will do what I meant to do and did not."

She only kissed him in reply, and he added, "Now run away, sweet. Remember, I shall be watching and waiting for you to come." Then he held her a moment close to his heart, and never looked at her again until she was so far away that he saw only the nodding plumes of her hat through the foliage. Then she turned and kissed her hand, and for a moment her face shone out upon his tear-dimmed sight, full of youth and beauty and life, and crowned with a halo of hope.

Other eyes watched her, too, from the window behind Robert's chair, for Marah, sitting there, had seen the parting and heard the kiss, and when Robert clasped the girl to his heart, she had folded her empty arms across her breast hugging, instead, the new hope that for her awaited no such parting from her child.

Richard tried to put as much life into the ride as possible, and had the satisfaction of seeing Ruby's spirits rise with the exhilarating exercise.

Hugh busied himself with his book, not wishing to disturb his uncle, who seemed wrapped in deep and silent thought, sitting with his eyes closed and his head thrown back upon the cushions.

Hugh fancied he was sleeping. Marah had left her post and seated herself, with her sewing, on a rustic bench on the lawn, not, however, going beyond Hugh's sight, whom she had bidden, in a whisper, to call her if she was needed.

Robert opened his eyes and let them wander a long time over the distant hills, across

which the shadows of moving clouds were passing, and observing that Hugh had closed his book, he raised himself erect, saying: "You find me very dull company do you not, Hugh? The heat of the day seems passing; I am feeling more like myself."

"But Ruby told me I was not to allow you to talk, Uncle Robert. I am to keep you resting, that you may be bright and strong when she comes back."

"Oh, yes; but I am rested already. I was thinking, as I looked across that line of hills yonder, how Lucia and I used to ride over to the high ledge of rocks that we called the Sunset Ridge. She would sit on her horse, and watch those hill-sides yonder, and fancy the changing light made them look like the heights of Sorrento."

"Has there been time for papa and Ruby to reach the Sunset Ridge, Uncle?"

"Yes, and Ruby is watching the shadows now, perhaps."

"Are they really like the Italian hills?"

"Not at all in formation, only in the soft and velvet-like effect in the afternoon shadows, and under certain atmospheric conditions. To-day, you see, the grass is more like the gray moss in tint, and the foliage is so pale one would think the trees were all olives; and I could easily fancy I saw the gray convent yonder on the slope, or the outline of the brigand's hut upon the cliff above it."

"O Uncle!" said Robert, eagerly, his countenance brightening with interest, "Ruby has told me all that beautiful story about your finding her mother, and we talked about going there, and wished you were only able to take the journey now. Ruby thinks it would make you well again."

"Ah, my boy! I shall be well, but I shall never see Italy again; but *you* will go, and Ruby too, I hope. It was an interesting story, was it not?" he added dreamily.

"Only I felt there ought to have been more of it, Uncle Robbie! I wanted to know about the brave old soldier, and the strange old woman in the hut, and Guido—somehow we did not like to believe he was killed in battle, and we made it out for ourselves one day in the boat, and had him come

back again and marry the beautiful Zia—'la Sorella Bernardina'—Ruby called her."

Robert smiled as if enjoying the pictures each name the boy uttered recalled to his mind.

"And most of all, I wanted to know what became of Benetto and his band. Were they never captured? Was that the very, very last of the brigands?"

"No, indeed. I had abundant reason to remember them after that. They did not let me off with only one trial, I assure you."

"Do tell me all about it," said Hugh, tossing back his hair with a shake of his head. "Did you ever see Benetto?"

"Yes, I saw him and touched him and talked with him."

"But he did not get a ransom out of you," chuckled Hugh, with real boyish pride in his uncle's exploit. "You carried off his captive from under the very eye of the jailor. I read that many a man has been forced by them to buy his life. They did not get that out of you—did they?"

"No," answered Robert, as if his thoughts were far away, and he were speaking to himself. "I did not buy my life, but I bought something dearer a hundred fold." Then turning suddenly to Hugh, said: "It is a long story, and one I have never told, except to Lucia. Ruby has never heard it, but I would tell it to her now, and to you, if I had the strength to talk."

"I do so wish to hear it, said Hugh, under breath, his whole face glowing with expectation; but not if it would tire you, he added, for he saw Robert seemed restless and weary.

For a moment the intense interest in the young face by his side seemed to kindle a new life in Robert, and his eyes and cheeks brightened under his recollections.

"I am strongly tempted, my boy, for it would give you such a bright afternoon, and you could tell it to Ruby, if I should not be strong enough to repeat it. I would leave it, like a family tradition, in trust to you, and you could tell it to Ruby when the right time comes."

"When will that be, Uncle?" asked Hugh, not comprehending exactly what his uncle could mean.



"How can I tell? The story is about her mother, and when I am gone there may come a time when it will be a comfort to know all she can learn of her."

"I will remember, Uncle," said Hugh gravely, and then seating himself on a low stool so that he could lean against the arm of Robert's chair, he said he wanted him to begin. But, at this instant, the sound of distant hoofs broke on their ears, and away down the avenue they caught sight of the ambling old white horse that bore the physician whom Richard had bidden to make a friendly visit.

Robert was less the old man's patient than his friend. Long ago the two men had had a plain talk of the possibilities of recovery, and they understood each other perfectly. He had been able sometimes to alleviate suffering, and perhaps had prolonged Robert's life. He thought he had, and his friend did not deprive him of the comfort of the thought. He welcomed him when he came, though he never sent for him if he did not.

When he saw him coming now, he said, smiling into Hugh's disappointed face—

"The story must wait, you see."

"I am so sorry," said Hugh, regretfully.

"Never mind, boy, another time will do; and after all, Ruby may not need to hear it for years to come."

Hugh picked up his crutches and gazed gloomily at the white horse, that came steadily onward, whisking her long tail as in proud consciousness of the scientific burden she bore, and an air of calm resolve to do her part in distributing succor to human woes. As he turned to go away, Robert said: "If I remember rightly, I wrote out, at Lucia's request, the story I would have told you. She thought Ruby might like to see it when she grew up. Lucia kept a diary for Ruby, too, because her own mother had kept one for her, which was a great delight after she became a woman. I think all those things are in the drawer of the cabinet in my dressing room, and the key is in my little writing desk. Bring it to me, and you shall have the story to read under the trees while my old doctor talks to me."

"And may I keep it to read to Ruby?"

"Yes, you may keep it, and give it to her at the time of which I told you—when she needs to hear about her mother."

Hugh hastened to bring the desk, and was in triumphant possession of the little key before the doctor had dismounted at the door.

The cabinet was in the little room that had been Lucia's—the same that witnessed the mighty sacrifice of black Pete, in nursing his invalid master.

Hugh opened the desk, and hurriedly examined the drawer which his uncle had designated. It held two little leather-bound volumes, dusty and worn like books that had seen daily use. These he lifted, and beneath was an ivory crucifix, to which was attached a rosary of some fragrant wood that gave forth a subtle odor, new to the senses of the boy, but which he never forgot. Besides these, there was a locket of black enamel, on the surface of which a cross was marked in pearls.

Hugh took the contents and made his way to Robert, passing through the window behind him, by which Marah usually sat. The good doctor was seated near, engaged in conversation. Not wishing to interrupt him, yet very eager to be at his promised pleasure, Robert held the volumes in his uncle's sight and whispered,

"Are these what you mean, dear Uncle?"

"Yes," said Robert, glancing at them; "you have the story there, or I think you have;—but those are not what I meant. Are there no other things in the drawer?"

"No more papers, Uncle—only these," showing the crucifix and the locket with its cross of pearls. "Shall I put them back again?"

A strange spasm of pain passed over the sick man's face, and he turned his head away as if to hide its deadly pallor. He did not speak, but held out his trembling hand behind him, and Hugh, who had not observed his countenance, saw the white fingers close convulsively over the relics he dropped within.

He waited for a moment, but as Robert did not turn his head or take any further notice of him, he went quietly back again to the open desk.

It was a small cabinet of an early Venetian style, brought from Italy with Lucia, who prized it for the generations it had been in her family, and who had made it the receptacle of her especial treasures.

At any other time Hugh would have enjoyed its quaint carvings of the heads of bearded and hooded monks, the beautiful polish of the wood; but at present he was too eager to reach his promised pleasure. Hastily locking drawer and cabinet, he returned the key to the place where he found it, and, with his volumes under his arm, sought a seat under a tree not very far from Marah, and almost within sight of his uncle's face.

He placed the books upon the bench and himself upon the grass before them, and opening both at once, began an examination of his treasure.

This was his old attitude, in which he had passed whole long Summer days under the apple-trees at Thornton, with only this difference, that Aunt Patience would have sent Rachel to spread a rug or a shawl on which he might recline. He was prepared for what he called a real good old-fashioned "read;" but disappointment dropped upon him from the very first page on which he cast his eager eyes. Instead of a stirring story, in Uncle Robert's graphic English, he had two volumes of a diary written in minute chirography, and in the Italian tongue, dated more than twelve years back, and covering the first two years of the life of a baby, Rubetta.

It needed no second glance to show that Uncle Robert had been mistaken, and that the coveted story was not in his possession. He started up, to go at once and get permission for further search, but a patient second thought decided him not to disturb his uncle again.

Having nothing now to do but to wait, he placed the books upon the seat, and leaning his elbow upon it, he laid his head upon his arm, and gave himself up to the hopeful thoughts that are a part of the heritage of youth. He loved to be in this beautiful land. The very sky, as he lay back and gazed upward into its blue depths, seemed to bend lovingly over him; the white clouds always seemed to him messengers bearing hither and thither some unspoken blessing of God. He could hear the low gurgle of the water where the river spread to the lake; he liked the genial warmth, and he thought, lazily, how happy he should be here, with his father and Ruby, if—!

Alas! that dreadful, omnipresent *if*! It is the lock that fastens the gate between our souls and joy, and not even youth can always find a key. But Hugh's *if* was not a selfish one this time. It was—"If only Uncle Robert might get well!"

Then he remembered that he had been telling Ruby that the hope of this was in God, and that all they could do was to tell him what they needed, believing he cared, and that he longed to help. As yet his faith had battled with no problems concerning the inscrutable Will; or the immutable laws that keep on their way, and seem to work their work in face of all human beseeching. And so he prayed. And the prayer of a faith that is deeper than doubt brings, at least to the soul of the suppliant, an answer of peace that is deeper than fear. So, praying, he rested, and resting, he slept; and while he slept the birds sang above him, and the shadows stretched longer and longer across the lawn, and the unseen Angel of Life—to whom we mortals give a harsher name—came near, and freed the soul of Robert Thorn.

## EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

### EDITOR'S STUDY.

#### EARLY LIFE OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

UNTIL comparatively lately there had been in modern Christian literature a strange lack in respect to the outward life of Christ,—his human character and secular history, and the circumstances, both domestic and public, among which he lived and grew up from infancy to mature manhood; and yet, manifestly, a proper understanding of these things is necessary to any just estimate of the great subject of Christ's life and words and works; and no doubt the want of this has been the occasion of much obscurity and misapprehension in respect to these things. Our canonical Scriptures leave a chasm in the history of the Jewish people—the visible Church till after Christ—of more than three hundred years, coming down to the period immediately before Christ's advent. The literature of that period is sufficiently full, both in the Apocryphal Scriptures and in the works of Philo, Josephus, and others, especially those of the Alexandrian School. But the Bible Societies have pretty effectually banished the Apocrypha from our families, and very few, except professional students in that specialty, ever read the other works referred to. The result is, that we take up our New Testament, which is remarkable for the extreme realism that every-where characterizes both its narratives and its teachings, with only the most indistinct notions of its multiplied references to external objects, and to persons and facts, and even to the then prevailing religious affairs. The whole Gospel story has thus become hazy and unreal; its facts have appeared without their natural settings, and its allusions are rendered almost pointless and impertinent. The life of Christ, thus standing apart, seems lost in clouds, over which the glory of his divinity casts a bright glamour, but which, also, for want of the rational recognition of its conditions, too often is seen only as in a mirage.

Every thing about either the person or the work of Jesus of Nazareth, the Savior of men, is full of interest for both the curious and the devout, and there can be no doubt in respect to the profitableness of wide research and earnest meditation upon these things. Nor need there be any misgivings, lest too much familiarity with them would in any degree detract from their dignity. Fictitious greatness may need the help of imperfect and false lights in which to hide its vain pretenses; but such transcendent excellence as in every thing characterized the Redeemer of mankind, becomes conspicuous, and commands admiration in proportion to the clearness and fulness of the light in which it is presented. It is quite certain, therefore, that the long prevalent form of religious thought, which, while formally assenting to, practically ignores our Lord's real and phenomenal manhood, is untrue to history, and damagingly misleading. The world needs a human Christ—one having not simply the semblance of man—God dwelling in the animal frame of our race—a man among men, as really and truly as he was God with God. This conception of his person brings the Redeemer very near to us, and itself assures us of his interest in our case, while it also adapts him to the work given to him by the Father.

The entire early life of Jesus, up to the time of his entrance upon his public ministry, is at once a demonstration and an illustration of his real manhood, changed in no essential particular by its union with the Godhead. There seems to be no reason to suppose that there was any thing in either the appearance or the behavior of Jesus, when a child or youth in the family of the Carpenter of Nazareth, to lead the casual observer to suspect that he differed very widely from other young persons. His family and close acquaintances would know him as exceptionally harmless,

affectionate, and devout; but so, in their degree, have others been; and the difference between their imperfect and his perfect goodness might naturally fail to be accurately measured. Even Joseph, his faithful foster-father, would seem to have almost forgotten the remarkable facts attending his earliest history, and by long use, to have come to look upon the gentle child, and amiable youth and young man, as his own son. His mother, with livelier recollections of past events, and perhaps with a deeper spiritual consciousness, while she dandled her mysterious child in her lap, or led him by the hand, or taught his childish lips to repeat after her his morning and evening prayers, or in after years communed with his expanding spiritual nature, would, with deeper wonder, revolve in her heart the yet unanswered question as to what manner of person this, her child, would become. Something of his character and mission and destiny had been declared to her; but only in dim and indefinite outlines. Of his real greatness, and of the nature of the work he was to perform, she could have had only the faintest and most inadequate conceptions, yet was her susceptible spirit ever quick to detect every new indication of his character; and because she could not resolve them, she "kept all these things in her heart."

Assuming, as we must, that the growing up of Jesus, from his earliest infancy to full-grown manhood, was along the natural and normal lines of increase and development, it seems pertinent to consider his surroundings, all of which were agents or instruments in shaping his character. There certainly was a time when the Babe of Bethlehem was, as to his humanity, without thought or knowledge, though even then the fullness of the Godhead dwelt in him, by a personal indwelling,—a *hypostatic* union. In his up-growing there must have occurred, in due succession, all the facts and phenomena of infancy and childhood, of adolescence and mature manhood. By degrees the rational powers came into conscious activity, and he began to take cognizance of his own mental processes. Then came the notion of self-hood, as contradistinguished from the world beyond himself; but in all this, only the human elements would be noticed. There must have been a period anterior to his own recognition of himself as something more than

human; and also, of course, a point of time when that tremendous reality was first revealed to his human consciousness. Just when that occurred, can be only proximately determined. Some have, most absurdly we think, placed it in his infancy or early childhood; others, with a much better show of reason, have named his appearance in the temple, at twelve years old, when he was found listening to the "doctors,"—"hearing them and asking them questions," and causing all them that heard him to be "astonished at his understanding and answers." Without positively antagonizing this notion, we must be allowed to withhold our full assent to its correctness. We see nothing in his conduct, or in the answer which he made to his mother at that time to indicate it, and certainly there is nothing known of his succeeding eighteen years of seclusion, and honest labor, and domestic life, that suggests such a recognition either by himself or others. That he was wise beyond his years, as compared with others, is scarcely to be questioned; and that by reason of the excellence of both his physical and mental constitution, and the peculiarly favorable circumstances of his childhood-life, he had attained to almost unexampled proficiency in religious knowledge is equally probable. Nor need it be doubted that even then the spirit of prophecy was upon him, and that, after the manner of some of the older prophets, he himself only partially understood the meaning of his own words when he spoke of being "about my Father's business." It would seem, indeed, that in order to the requisite culture, discipline, and ordinary human temptations, through which the Christ was to be prepared for the accomplishment of his Messianic mission, he must have been during this initial period unaware of his own divinity, a full consciousness of which would seem to be incompatible with the proper and normal processes of the developing of his human character. In his life and affairs, as a youth and a grown-up man, he must have encountered temptations, and it was by such as occurred in the ordinary routine of human life, rather than by the specially Messianic ones which he encountered after his baptism, that he "was tempted at all points as we are." Temptations are, indeed, essential conditions in moral education; they arise in the ordinary affairs of



human life,—in childhood, in youth, and especially at the period of adolescence, when the emergent spirit looks out upon the yet untried world and hears its promises and feels its allurements. For all these reasons, and because we have no proof to the contrary, and in view of the transcendent display made at that time, and his conduct immediately thereafter, it has seemed to us most agreeable to the evidences in the case to conclude that the tremendous fact of his own divinity and of his calling to the Messiahship was revealed to the young Galilean at John's baptism. We accept this theory as the most rational, and beyond any other agreeable to the conditions and requirements of the case, in all its relations; and yet only as a theory.

Accepting the notion that Jesus, the Son of God, and also the Son of man, was designed, in his divinely ordered preparation for his great work, to receive a human education, the condition of that education becomes a matter of infinite importance. To consider these things, therefore, must be a work of the highest possible interest, since the training of his youth and manhood held the most intimate relation to the redemption of mankind. Beyond a doubt, the Divine Providence had prearranged all these things so as to secure for him the requisite education; the completion of those provisions were an important element in those far-reaching arrangements which made the period of the advent, both chronologically and circumstantially, "the fullness of the time."

We begin with the home of his childhood—the first and most fruitful training-school for the man. It was in the quiet of a Galilean village, far removed from the strifes and excitements of great cities, and yet favored with the most important appliances of a wholesome religious civilization. There was the synagogue with its sacred administrations "every Sabbath-day." The people were intensely religious, as rural villagers often are. Its schools for elementary learning, and the occasional visitations of scribes and rabbis, for instruction in "the Law," with the wholesome and vigorous tone of thinking and speaking among the people, all united to make the place where the Divine Wisdom placed the future Deliverer to be prepared for his wonderful mission, the best possible for that purpose.

But foremost among these sacred agencies must be recognized that unique and truly admirable set of persons who, with exceptional propriety, have been denominated the HOLY FAMILY. The few imperfect glimpses given in the New Testament, of that family group, are highly suggestive, and seem to compel further thoughts, which may be much more than mere conjectures. It is quite certain that in some way the families of Alpheus and that of Zebedee were closely related to that of Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth; and also that they were mutually intimate, perhaps beyond what their nearness of kinship would necessarily imply. And in these families one may readily detect signs of unusual force of character, not without decidedly human elements—as well of true religiousness—which was not without its aspirations after greatness; but was especially distinguished for its unyielding fidelity to the rights, and as well, the unchanging faithfulness of its friendships.

It is a somewhat difficult task rightly to place, in this wonderful group, the natural and recognized head of the family of Nazareth, "Joseph, which was the son Heli." It would be doing him great injustice to speak of him as simply a lay figure in the great picture of that family. We nowhere detect in him any weakness, whether of faith or purpose, nor lack of entire obedience to the revealed will of God, and to the demands made by the peculiarly trying circumstances into which he was so often brought. His relations with his wonderful foster-child appear to have been alike agreeable and honorable on both sides. Having taken the wife that he had espoused, among conditions that only his faith could have enabled him to do or justified him in doing, he also accepted her marvelous son as his own, to protect and nurture him. For the sake of that child he became an exile in Egypt, and afterwards abandoned his family home at Bethlehem, for a residence in a remote Galilean hamlet, where he spent the remainder of his days in faithfully keeping the high trusts committed to him by the divine will. It could not fail that he who was thus associated, in such intimate and tender relations, with the expanding intellect and heart of his reputed son, should exercise a wide and deep influence over the character so developed and fashioned, and therefore it must

be granted, that among those to be especially honored among men, because they were honored by God with important trusts respecting the manifestation of the Redeemer of the world—which trusts they faithfully fulfilled—must ever be included "Joseph, the husband of Mary of whom was born Jesus who was called Christ."

But to Mary, the mother of Jesus—of whose antecedents absolutely nothing is known, except that she was "of the house and lineage of David," though now in humble life—the whole race of mankind, and especially the redeemed Church will forever owe an uncounted debt of gratitude, not simply because she was the "chosen vessel," honored to become the mother of our Lord's humanity, but also and especially, for that to her was given the awful responsibility of fashioning the human character of Him who was appointed to be "the Light of the World," and the Savior of the race. Through her mind divine truth first found its way to his understanding and heart, and in such a soil the precious seed became at once and abundantly fruitful. Her gentleness, goodness, unquestioning faith, and unselfish obedience were all employed by the Divine Wisdom to nurture in him those perfect forms of human righteousness which so pre-eminently distinguished the Son of man. Nearer to us, in some sense, than her Divine Son, since, like others of those naturally "engendered of the offspring of Adam," she was, as he was not "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity," yet was she raised by grace to the highest possible place on the exclusively human side, in the practical scheme for the world's redemption, and by like grace was she made equal to her great responsibility. Rejecting as we do, most earnestly and with loathing, the Popish figment of "the Immaculate Conception," and condemning as utterly profane and idolatrous all worship addressed her, we still claim for her who bore, and nourished, and to a large extent educated the Savior of men, the first place among the chosen instruments of Almighty Goodness. Chosen by God for such a stupendous work, she was also qualified to perform it by the same excellent grace. And though, as is usually the case with those whom God especially honors, hers was a lot of peculiar trials and sorrows, from the day of the angel's salutation to the time

when "the sword entered into her own bosom," as she stood before the cross to which her Divine Son was nailed,—yet was she found equal to every emergency.

Into the hands of such a mother was the infant Savior given to be watched over and protected. Under her instructions and influence—quite as often silent and unconscious, as purposed and recognized—his mind was to be instructed and his character fashioned. She dictated to him his earliest infantile prayers, and before reason had dawned in him she had won his heart's affection for things holy and Godlike. She explained to his opening understanding the great mysteries of the divine Word, and the "hope of Israel" concerning the promised "kingdom of heaven;" and with her were his earliest communings respecting those eternal realities with which he was soon to be so intimately conversant, and so fully occupied. It is a beautiful thought, and as truthful as beautiful, that through the ministries of motherhood have come to our race some of the highest and holiest blessings; and the crowning honor of her whom an angel saluted as "highly favored of the Lord," and "blessed among women," came to her with the mingled joys and sorrows of maternity.

With advancing age, and the attendant growth towards manhood, the young villager became more and more widely conversant with affairs of public interest, and especially with whatever pertained to his nation,—the Israel of God. Since the return of the exiles from Babylon, the Holy Land and its inhabitants had passed through a succession of changes of masters, for after that event the Israelites never attained to complete national autonomy. The Persian rule, which has been styled the Golden Age of Israel, extended over one-half of the whole period from the return from Babylon to the coming of Christ. This was followed by the Macedonian period, during which the Seleucidæ bore rule. Then came the scourge of the Syrian oppressors, who were overthrown and succeeded by the Asmonean, the heroic Maccabees; and after these was the Roman conquest, through which the Idumean monster, Herod, became king. Under the Romans the land had been divided into a variety of kingdoms, provinces, and tetrarchies, to accommodate the fancies of their rulers, or the interests

of the various aspirants after power or spoils. In our Lord's time, Palestine was divided into three principal parts,—Judea on the south, Samaria in the middle, and Galilee in the north-east, on both sides of the Jordan and the lake of Gennesaret. Their subjugated condition was unspeakably hateful to the Jews, and though they were thoroughly conquered, yet they were restless and rebellious. Without political freedom, the people concentrated all their patriot devotion, which with them always took on a religious coloring, upon their theocratic rulers; and since the high-priests were only the creatures of their foreign oppressors, the teachers of the law, the rabbis, were recognized as the only accepted heads of the nation; and thus it happened that an intense and most exacting devotion to the law, and to its teachers, became the characteristic of all devout Jews.

The culture of the people in New Testament times was evidently much higher than it was at any time covered by the Old Testament history. Idolatry had been completely extirpated, synagogues had been established in every city and village where the Word of God was read and expounded every Sabbath, and these services were almost universally attended by the people. Nearly every one had received a fair elementary education; and as devotion to "the Law" was the fashion of the times, the people became experts in discussions and disputations respecting its details, in which the rabbis delighted them with their hair-splittings and meaningless interpretations. It seems evident that there was a comfortable share of wealth among the great middle class, which comprehended nearly all the people, and, aside from their political subjection, they seem to have been in a condition of wholesome well-being. In this condition of society our Lord Christ was reared from infancy to manhood, and in it he lived, as one of its members, for ten years. With a mind so quick and susceptible as his certainly was, it was quite natural that he should be largely affected by this state of things, and also by the great events that were then transpiring in the Roman Empire, and especially those that affected his own people. Evidently his life was not the dull routine of merely animal existence, that too often characterizes the career of young villagers. His after-life affords conclusive

evidence that during this period he was in lively rapport with all his nearer and more remote surroundings.

Especially was he a close and loving student of nature, holding the most intimate and vital communion with the external world, the fruits of which appear in his discourses. With what a warm appreciation does he refer to the lilies, and the grass, and the growing corn; the sparrows, and the foxes, and the eagles; the sky, and the clouds, and the winds; the alternations of day and night, and the changes of the seasons! But beyond all else he was an earnest and highly proficient student of the Scriptures. He heard them read in the synagogues, and he detected their true spirit despite the frivolous and misleading glosses of the rabbis. No doubt, too, they formed the theme of many a household lesson, whether at his mother's knees, or in the more formal devotional teachings of his reputed father. Very probably, too, he possessed parts or the whole of the sacred books, and so made them the man of his counsel in the protracted solitudes and devout meditations to which he was addicted. There is also abundant proof that he became thoroughly informed about the political affairs of his country; though, since the kingdom that he was ordained to set up was not designed to be of this world, he took no part in the general politics of his times. There was, however, an under-stratum of purely national or Jewish politics among the people, who, while accepting the Roman domination, viewed it as a divine chastisement, to be endured for a season, but which was surely, and before very long, to pass away. The "restoration of the kingdom to Israel" was the universal and inextinguishable hope of the nation, and with that hope was closely associated the expectation of the speedy coming of the long-promised and long-awaited-for Messiah. Of this all classes mused in their most serious speculations, and conversed together in their quiet communings. The devout waited for it after the manner of old Simeon, and the prophetess Anna, and the turbulent and wordly made insurrections for it after the manner of Theudas, and Judas of Galilee. These Messianic anticipations, modified in each case by the spirit and temper of the individual, were all-pervading and intense, so as to enter into the common thinking of

the community, and to give their coloring to the sentiments of the people. Of this feeling Jesus most certainly was a partaker, though with him they would be rid of the earthliness that usually distinguished them, and on the contrary, they were spiritualized and elevated into a higher and holier plane of thought. His own prophetic spirit would certainly become cognizant of the coming kingdom of heaven, though as yet the methods of its incoming may not have been seen, nor his own personal relations to it recognized by him. Previous to his installation in the office of Messiah, his whole soul was permeated and

suffused with the Messianic spirit, and as the time of his manifestation approached he became more and more filled with the spirit of his calling, and so made ready for the work in which he was soon to be occupied. Such was He who, hearing of John's preaching and baptism, hastened from Nazareth to the lower Jordan, to identify himself with the movement and, by submitting himself to be baptized, "to fulfill all righteousness;" and who then and there received the divine anointing—the Spirit of God descending upon him—and was then by himself consciously recognized as the Son of God—the Redeemer of Israel.

### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**RUSSIAN AGGRESSIVENESS IN THE FAR EAST.**—Every body is so intently interested in the Russo-Turkish conflict in Eastern Europe and the western side of Asia, that little heed is given to evidences of activity at the other extremity of the great Asiatic continent. Nor, indeed, does authentic information often reach us from the little-known regions of Siberia, and the valley of the Amoor, where the Chinese and Russian borders march together for some two thousand miles. But it is nevertheless a matter which will sooner or later prove of momentous interest, and it should certainly be noticed that even at this supreme crisis, when Russia has been called upon to put forth her utmost strength, in the face of Europe, to crush the Ottoman power, there is no sign of diminished activity for like purposes at the most distant and remote corner of her Asiatic dominions. Indeed, all intelligence goes to show, that whatever may be the defects of administration in the Russian Empire, there is enough of control and energy in all its vast extent to insure the steady and continuous advancement of predetermined lines of attack or approach; from which the servants of the Czar are not distracted even by such a war as that against the Turks. Russia is known to bide her time. When Peter the Great failed to conquer Charles XII, he quickly went to work, and, by internal improvements, built up a power that in due time wrested from Sweden all that Baltic coast he so much stood in need of for the fleet he had created, and in the end

proved what were the resources of the Russian Empire. So now Alexander II is biding only his time for overt action, while, in the mean time, the heaven is working and changes are preparing by which, within the next few years, a very marked alteration may be silently effected in the Russian frontiers nearest to Corea and the Chinese boundaries. The famines in Shantung and Chihli, it appears, have driven large numbers of Chinese to migrate northwards; and filtering through the intervening country, they have settled up to the Russian frontier which abuts on Corea. In that neighborhood is a country reported to be rich in gold, and virtually independent, and which, therefore, is becoming every day more populous. It is at present governed by one Han-pien-Wai (or *Han of the Marshes*), whom the Chinese authorities at Peking speak of as a law-abiding man, well under their control. And so the *Peking Gazette* makes light of any danger from that quarter. But, on the other hand, there is a very general impression outside the official circle that Han is quite beyond their control, and that he has already started a frontier question with the Russians. The military commandant at Ninguta has been trying to settle with the Russian authorities at Vladivostok.\* In the mean time Han,

\* Vladivostok is becoming a great naval station. It is now the Russian headquarters in those seas, and sailors describe it as one of the finest harbors in the world. The Russian intent, no doubt, is to make it an eastern Sebastopol or Cronstadt.



despite of many flattering words and presents, resists all attempts to seduce him to Peking, preferring to remain among his own people. He is said to be very wealthy, and a leading spirit among them, having established very fair order among the miners, whose numbers are largely increased by the presence of the Shantung emigrants, and are always a source of great alarm to the Chinese authorities. It is reported that, altogether, affairs are deemed so unsatisfactory that one thousand drilled troops are to be despatched from Shantung.

On the Amoor, it appears that the Russian trade has crossed the river, while a flotilla of eighteen gunboats are kept on the Lower Amoor by Russia. The Chinese dwellers at Tai-tsi-hai, and other towns within the Chinese borders, are reported to have quite made up their minds to a transfer of territory and allegiance at no distant period; and the authorities even speak of the Tungan becoming a Russian river, and likely to make a capital boundary line, easily recognized and "requiring no boundary stones to mark its course." Thus, slowly but surely, Russia advances and China recedes. There is certainly something in this evidence of unceasing aggression, coming at this moment from the very farthest extremity of Asia eastward, which is calculated to impress the imagination with a sense of the energy of an Empire embracing all Northern Asia and Europe in its grip, and as unceasingly active in its remotest extremities as in the heart of Europe.

**JAVANESE LADIES.**—Sir David Wedderburn writes to the *Fortnightly Review* his experiences as a traveler in Java:

"The degree of emancipation enjoyed by Javanese ladies was strikingly illustrated during an interview most politely granted to us by the Sultan of Djokjokartan.

"Attired according to etiquette in full evening costume, although it was an early hour in the morning, we were conducted by the Dutch officer in command of the Sultan's horse-guards into the inmost court of the far-spreading 'kraton,' or palace inclosure, within which three thousand people reside. Except a few sentries and one or two officials stripped to the waist, in Javanese court fashion, not a man was visible in any of the squares through which we passed, and when we reached the

audience chamber there sat his highness, without courtiers or attendants; but, to our extreme amazement, six charming young ladies were seated in a row on his left hand. We scarcely ventured to look at them, unveiled as they were; but our Dutch friend, after introducing us to the Sultan, with whom we shook hands, quietly remarked: 'Now you must shake hands with the princesses, with all of them: they expect you to do so.' Fresh from Indian durbars, where a mere allusion to the invisible occupants of the Zenana would be a breach of decorum, we could hardly trust our eyes and ears; but each young lady held out her hand with a pleasant smile, and we were afterward seated between the Sultan and his blooming family of daughters. Attendants, literally crawling upon the floor, now approached the august presence, bringing tea, which was dispensed to us by the royal damsels, almost as if we had been in an English drawing-room, at five o'clock in the afternoon. Unfortunately our conversation was somewhat restricted, as the English idea could only reach the Javanese mind after undergoing four translations, either oral or mental, through the obliging Dutch captain, who interpreted in French and Malay. Meanwhile the sound of music attracted our attention, and the Sultan courteously suggested that we might like to see a little more of his palace. We found that the music proceeded from a large open pavilion, where the Queen, or principal Sultana, was engaged in superintending a dancing lesson. The pupils were the daughters of court dignitaries and nobles, more than twenty in number, all very young, and evidently taking the greatest pains in the performance of their graceful position drill. The dancing was accompanied by singing, and by the pleasing notes of the 'gamelong,' which may be described as the Javanese piano-forte, played by women seated on the floor, and producing a liquid melody peculiar to itself, and very different from the harsh discordance of Oriental music in general. The youthful figures of the girls in their bright and elegant drapery, their earnest faces and elaborate movements, together with the melodious orchestra, combined to render this by far the most pleasing naught which we have yet seen anywhere in the East, although it was merely a private performance of beginners."

HOW THE SWEDES LIKE SUGAR.—The hardened children of the North are said to be remarkably fond of sugar. In Sweden they fairly live on sweets. Sugar is applied to all food that will admit of it in any way. If you sit down anywhere at table, your eye is sure to rest on an immense bowl filled with white powder, which, upon close inspection, will prove to be pulverized sugar. The soup at dinner is so sweet, that two or three spoonfuls, at the most, will satisfy any one except a Swede. You ask for the bill of fare, and read:

"*Spinat med epp*," and right underneath: "*bœne med half koett frigadal*." Now, spinach with egg is a pretty good dish; beans, also, for one who likes them; and veal cutlets are not to be made light of. But terrible delusion! The spinach is sweet, the beans sweeter, and the veal is even baked with sugar; and these dishes are succeeded by sweet puddings, and sweet preserves, and finally the much-liked gooseberry is served up with milk sauce and a liberal quantity of sugar! Syrups, too, are held in high estimation.

## ART.

### THE GOLDSMITH'S ART.

THE workers in precious metals and stones have occupied an important position among artists since the manufacture of the tabernacle and its furnishings according to the pattern shown to Moses in the Mount. These artisans have ever been the special favorites of the wealthy, and royalty and the Church have delighted to be among their most constant patrons. The wonderful decorations of some of the shrines of the mediæval cathedrals and the elaborate workmanship of the vessels used in the service of the Church elevated the handicraft of the worker in precious metals to the dignity and excellence of a fine art. The artistic magnificence of the West was in the early and even later Middle Ages only a reflex of the wonders produced at the same epoch by the goldsmiths of the East. The forms which were employed for various objects of Church service in the West plainly showed the influence of the severer style derived from the original Byzantine type. The German school especially would bear a Byzantine character from the fact of the marriage of the Emperor Otho II with the Greek Princess, Theophania. This naturally connected the two empires more closely, and brought a goodly number of Greek artists into the German dominions. So, also, the Crusades furnished a new impulse to the goldsmith's art. The great demand for shrines and reliquaries, intended for the reception of the venerated remains of saints which the soldiers of the cross brought back from their distant expeditions, increased the interest in this

department of art. It is remarkable that the religious direction which, at that period, certain departments of luxury acquired by the Crusaders in the East took, saved art in the West from perishing in the first burst of its revival. It is also quite noteworthy that some of the finest sculpture of the West seemed to have been inspired in the workshop of the goldsmith. It is well known that the celebrated artists, Lucca della Robbia, Brunelleschi, and Ghiberti, came from the goldsmith's studio; and also that when the latter vied with some of the most skillful artists of his day for the execution of the doors of the baptistery at Florence, his success was largely attributable to the fact that he had treated, as it were by habit, his model with all the delicacy of the goldsmith's art. We are also told that during the forty years employed in the execution of these doors, Ghiberti continued to derive assistance from various goldsmiths, who, in turn, became celebrated masters. Benvenuto Cellini had had many most remarkable forerunners in the working of the precious metals, but he became "the very embodiment of the genius of the goldsmith's art, and who raised it to the zenith of its power." There is something marvelous in the delicacy of many of his works; and it is doubtful whether Cellini in all his wonderful career, as a sculptor and engraver ever excelled some of his productions as a goldsmith. While he was for a time a lion at the court of Francis I, and other Italian goldsmiths gave an impetus to this art in France, the patronage of the French artisans

was so meagre that they established themselves in other countries, especially in Flanders. The enormously expensive Italian expeditions of Louis XII had so exhausted the gold and silver of France that the government prohibited the manufacture of all sorts of large plate. But the discovery of precious metals in America brought back an increased prosperity to the corporations of goldsmiths; and silver plate soon displaced tin ware, and the number of goldsmiths became so great that "in the single city of Rouen there were, in 1563, two hundred and sixty-five masters having the right to stamp." The history of this art seems to teach that until the fourteenth century in Europe the religious idea was prevalent in their works; the goldsmiths are mostly engaged in the execution of shrines, reliquaries, and various church ornaments. From the close of the fourteenth almost through the entire fifteenth century their labors were mostly expended in manufacturing plate, enriching the treasuries of kings and princes, and in giving brilliancy to the adornment of dress. The jeweled robe which Marie de Medicis wore at the baptism of her son, in 1606, was covered with thirty-two thousand precious stones, among them three thousand diamonds; and it was the duty of the goldsmiths to mount these on gold or silk tissue. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the goldsmiths seem to have confined themselves more to that department of labor which occupies them at the present time; but it is noteworthy that more value was placed on the skill of the work than on the weight of the ornaments. It was at this period that the struggle took place between the goldsmiths and the government mint in France, which resulted in further curtailing the influence of the goldsmith's art, and limiting his skill to narrower and less important departments of work.

#### PROFESSOR PAINE AS A COMPOSER.

It is probable that Professor Paine, of Boston, stands at the head of living musical composers in America. It is probable, too, that few, if any, have made the difficulties and intricacies of counterpoint a subject of profounder and more successful study. It is no idle boast when for Professor Paine is claimed a first place as a student and musical composer. His bold venture, some ten years since, of the

oratorio of "St. Peter" before a Berlin audience under his own conductorship somewhat startled his friends, and was not altogether relished by those of the Germans who were wont to arrogate to themselves all excellence in the higher departments of musical composition. But his more recent works have certainly aroused a real enthusiasm among the lovers of classical music. His symphonic fantasy on the "Tempest" of Shakespeare has been put into very prominent place on the programmes of some of our best orchestral conductors. In a late number of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, Professor John Fisher, of Harvard College, has a very thorough and appreciative review of this symphonic fantasy. In this article it is claimed that this and some other recent originations of Professor Paine are of "a character which can hold their own in a comparison with almost any thing that has been achieved by old or recent masters." Should the further study of these works justify this high praise, we shall have abundant reason to congratulate Professor Paine on the remarkable results of his studies, and ourselves on having so original and distinguished a master for a fellow countryman.

#### DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES.

THE remarkable discoveries of Dr. Schliemann are so entirely a matter for specialists that probably general readers will not be particularly interested in their details. But any who may wish to have a popular *résumé* of them, may read Mr. Bayard Taylor's article in the *North American Review*. He writes as a layman in art, and from New York, where he has had the advantage of examining, since Dr. Schliemann's book on "Mycenæ" appeared, the Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities, that he has been "surprised to find so many of them identical with those found by Schliemann at Mycenæ." Respecting the diadems of gold-leaf, he says: "The wreaths of laurel leaves, the golden buttons (some of them showing exactly the same ornamental patterns in repoussé work), the bronze hatchets, and sword blades are not to be distinguished from the same objects among the Mycenaean spoils; while there is scarcely a type of pottery or a form of the rude terra-cotta idols contained in the latter which is not matched by something from Idalium, Goloï, or Curium."

## A SCHOOL OF LACE-WORK.

A SCHOOL for teaching the art of lace-work was established in 1872, in the small island of Burano, near Venice, celebrated in old times for that manufacture. Great advantage, it was expected, would result to the island from the development of an industry capable of giving support to thousands with a merely nominal capital. In his recently printed report, Mr. Consul Smallwood, referring to this undertaking, says that under the direction of an aged woman, who remembered her craft

and still worked lace in Burano, the school had, in 1872, 12 girls; 24 in 1873; 48 in 1874; 100 in 1875; and 130 in 1876 (of whom 100 are skillful workers). The annual account of the establishment for 1877 shows a credit of 14,754 lire, with a debt of 13,693 lire, while many orders for the lace are now under execution. Among the patronesses appear the Princess Margherita, Lady Marion Alford, Lady Adelia Cocks, Lady Suffield, and Mrs. Layard. It is expected that orders will increase as these manufactures become better known.

## NATURE.

**PETRIFICATION.**—When the form and structure of organic matter is preserved in mineral matter, although not a vestige of the organic matter may remain, the process is usually called petrification, or mineralization. The best example is petrified wood.

In a good specimen, not only the external form of the bark, the general structure of the stem, and the concentric rings of growth are discernible, but even the microscopic cellular structure of the wood and the exquisite sculpturing of the cell walls themselves, are perfectly preserved, so that the kind of wood may often be determined by the microscope; yet not one particle of the organic wood remains. It has been entirely replaced by mineral matter; usually in the form of silica. If wood be soaked in a strong solution of sulphate of iron and dried, and the same process repeated until the wood is highly charged with this salt, and then burned, the structure of the wood will be perfectly preserved in the peroxide of iron left; or, when wood is buried in soil saturated with some petrifying material, becomes charged with the same, and the cells are filled with infiltrated matter, as the wood decays, the petrifying material is left, retaining the structure of the wood. But this is not all. As each particle of organic matter passes away, by decay, a particle of mineral matter takes its place, until finally the whole of the organic matter is replaced. Petrification, therefore, is a process of substitution, as well as interstitial filling. It so happens, probably from the different nature of the process in the

two cases, that the interstitial filling always differs, either in chemical composition or in color, from the substituted material. Thus the structure is still visible, though the mass is solid. The most common petrifying materials are, silica, carbonate of lime, and sulphide of iron. In the case of petrification by sulphide of iron (pyrites), the process is quite intelligible; but the structure is usually very imperfectly preserved. If water containing sulphate of iron come in contact with decaying organic matter, the salt is deoxidized by the organic matter, the latter passing away as carbonic acid and water, and the former becomes insoluble sulphide, and is deposited.

**TEMPERAMENTS.**—Every adult human being carries about him an atmosphere of individuality. This individuality is separated from that of the brute by a refinement of a physical quality, called temperament.

Although temperaments are of a purely physical origin, yet their outlet is mainly found in the actions and mental habits of the individual. Even those who believe in the immateriality and separate entity of mind, do not hesitate to ascribe the fretfulness, fickleness, temper, and other mental shortcomings of their friends, to faults of temperament. And there is about this the force of a truth, that even the most spiritual of psychologists can not escape. Temperament may be described as a physical medium through which the mental life shines forth, tinged and refracted by its passage. But there is always something



assuring when we can leave the field of speculation and enter that of fact.

Here chemical analysis brings to our aid positive reasons for a classification of men and women according to temperament. M. Lecanu gives the material for constructing the following table. The figures are ratios to 1,000 parts of blood:

RATIOS OF WATER, ALBUMEN, AND RED BLOOD-CORPUSCLES IN THE BLOOD OF DIFFERENT TEMPERAMENTS.

	SANGUINE.	LYMPHATIC.	DIFFERENCE
	Water.	Water.	
Females.....	793.007	803.710	10.703
Males.....	786.584	800.560	13.982
	Albumen.	Albumen.	
Females.....	71.264	68.660	2.604
Males.....	65.85	71.701	5.851
	Red Corpuscles.	Red Corpuscles.	
Females.....	126.990	117.300	8.874
Males.....	136.497	110.667	19.830

This proves conclusively that temperaments have their origin deep and unchangeably fixed in the organic life. Can we, in view of this, look doubtingly upon their potent influence on the current of thought and emotion?

Water, plasmic material, and the red blood corpuscles—the oxygen carriers of living bodies—rush to the brain in proportions fixed by the law of temperaments; to one brain, more; to another, less; but with differences sufficient to give vigor, vivacity, tenacity, and mental breadth to the action of the one, while the other moves more slowly, its mental life obscured by the smaller proportion of mind-food.

HOW OLD IS THE OCEAN?—When a shower of rain falls upon the ground it dissolves more or less of the solid constituents of the soil, carries them sooner or later to the rivers, whence they are ultimately borne out to sea.

Mr. Mellard Reade, in an address recently made in Liverpool, estimates the total quantity of solid material removed in the course of a year, by the solvent action of rain, from the entire surface of England and Wales. It is needless to follow the details of the calculation by which Mr. Reade is finally led to the conclusion that about 8,370,630 tons of solids are annually removed, in solution, by the rivers of England and Wales. Proceeding on the principle that "Nature, on the whole, averages the results," he feels justified in assuming that about one hundred tons of rocky matter will be dissolved by rain from every English square mile of the

solid surface of the earth, in the course of a year. All this dissolved matter ultimately runs down into the sea. If then, as commonly supposed, the sea contains only what has been washed out of the land, the results previously attained may help us to form some crude idea of the length of time which has been needed to give the ocean its present condition. Passing over an array of figures, and a number of provisional assumptions, we reach conclusions of general interest. These conclusions are, that it would take, in round numbers, 20,000,000 years to accumulate the quantity of sulphates of lime and magnesia contained in the vast bulk of the ocean. But what are we to say of the chlorides, especially the chloride of sodium which is the prime constituent of sea water?

The ocean contains so much of this salt, and the rivers usually so little, that we are driven to conclude that it would take 200,000,000 years to renew the chlorides of the ocean!

CLIMATE OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—That a comparatively warm climate prevailed in the Arctic regions, at a period not very remote, geologically, is one of the most interesting conclusions which have been established by the researches of modern geologists. From the abundant remains of plants preserved in rocks occurring in North Greenland and in Spitzbergen, the geologist feels warranted in concluding that a luxurious vegetation flourished there during that age of the earth's history known as the Miocene period. The characters of the fossil plants found in Greenland, indicate that North Greenland enjoyed, in Miocene times, a climate warmer than at present by at least 30°. In fact the Miocene flora of this locality includes several species of oak, poplar, chestnut, and vine, with sequoias akin to the famous mammoth-trees of California. On the whole, this flora of Greenland points to a climate which, according to Professor Heer, must have been something like that of the Lake of Geneva, at the present day.

Going further back in geological time we obtain evidence of a yet warmer climate than this, even. Thus, in the Lower Cretaceous period, the flora included ferns, and conifers, resembling species which exist in temperate or even sub-tropical zones. Indeed, Professor Heer concludes that the climate of the Arctic regions, at the beginning of the Cretaceous

age, must have resembled the present climate of Egypt, or of the Canary Isles.

**DIET AND LIQUOR DRINKING.**—Charles Napier, an English scientific man, has been testing the truth of Liebig's theory, that liquor is compatible with animal food, but not with a farinaceous diet. The experiment was tried on twenty-seven liquor-drinking men with results substantiating Liebig's theory. Among the most striking instances of reform brought about by a change of diet was that of a man of sixty, who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years; his outbursts averaging one a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in getting his life insured. After an attack of delirium tremens, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, it is said, cured him completely in seven months. Among the articles of food which are specified by Napier as pre-eminent for antagonism to alcohol, are macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas, and lentils, all of which should be well boiled and well flavored with plenty of butter or olive oil. The various garden vegetables are said to be helpful, but a diet mainly composed of them would not resist the tendency to intemperance so effectually as one of macaroni or farinaceous food. If we inquire the cause of a vegetarian's alleged disinclination to alcoholic liquors, we find that the carbonaceous starch contained in the macaroni, beans, or oleaginous aliment appears to render unnecessary, and therefore repulsive, carbon in an alcoholic form.

**THE TOAD AS A DOMESTIC ANIMAL.**—The toad is a very useful animal, especially to the

farmer and the gardener, doing good service in the destruction of injurious insects. A recent writer suggests that it might well be introduced into our houses, as two or three of them would keep the premises clear of cock roaches, water-bugs, and similar vermin. They can be easily domesticated, becoming quite tame under kind treatment. Many instances might be cited of pet toads remaining several years in a family, and doing valuable service with no other compensation than immunity from persecution. All that is necessary is to provide them cool and safe retreats by day, convenient access to water, and at night they will go forth to the performance of their duties.

**LONGEVITY OF TREES.**—From observations made on specimens still in existence, the longevity of trees has been estimated to be, in round numbers, as follows:

Deciduous cypress, 6,000 years; baobab trees, 5,000; dragon tree, 5,000; yew, 3,000; cedar of Lebanon, 3,000; red-wood of California, 3,000; Chestnut, 3,000; olive, 2,500; oak, 1,600; orange, 1,500; Oriental plane, 1,200; cabbage palm, 700; lime, 600; ash, 400; cocoanut palm, 300; pear, 300, apple, 200; Brazil wine palm, 150; Scotch fir, 100; and the balm of Gilead, 50 years.

**AVERAGE HEIGHT OF MAN.**—The Yankee would appear to be the tallest of civilized men, if we may trust some statistics given in foreign journals, as the result of the measurement of over half a million of men. The mean height of the American Indian is 67.934 inches; of the American white man, 67.672; Scotch, 67.066; English, 66.575; Russian, 66.393; French, 66.277; Mexican, 66.110.

## RELIGIOUS.

**RITUALISTS.**—The Ritualists are really having a high time of it in England. The latest papers from old Albion don't mince matters in the least, and there is trouble ahead for the Anglican establishment if we are to judge from recent events. Our readers will remember that the more extravagant of English Ritualists are the Rev. Messieurs Tooth and Mackonochie. In the Church of the former they recently had a "free fight"—as the vulgar

would call it. After having had his church closed for him Mr. Tooth, by some hocus-pocus of the law, managed to have it re-opened on the first Sunday in December, and we have the following account of the whole performance from the *London Daily Telegraph*:

"On Sunday he re-opened his playhouse with nearly all the old 'startling effects' and 'brilliant *mise-en-scène*.' He has 'restored' the greater portion of the old mummeries. The

'triptych' has once more been placed over 'the high altar,' which was draped with curtains in accordance with by-gone Hatcham custom. A large cross appeared on the communion-table, flanked by unlighted candles, and an oaken cross had been replaced on the chancel screen. Then there was a 'procession' of Ritualistic clergymen in 'vestments.' After the service the preacher coolly exhorted the congregation to pray for the 'distracted and troubled state of the Church.' Who distracts it? Who troubles it? Who but the Ritualists themselves? After this there was a disturbance. A working man named Evenden, a member of some 'Protestant League,' was foolish enough to make an onslaught on the chancel gate. Then there was a general struggle; and at last a strong force of police had to be called in, not to restore order, for that was impossible, but to clear the Church of a howling, hustling, fighting mob, intermingled with scandalized worshipers and terrified ladies. A line of police-constables was drawn up on the altar steps to prevent further violence; for the riots which were wont to take place in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, when a guard of Turkish soldiers with fixed bayonets were frequently called upon to separate the belligerent Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians, seemed on the point of being repeated at Hatcham."

**A JESUIT APOSTATE.**—The Society of Jesus, since the days of its founder, has gloried in the most submissive devotion of its members to the cause which the organization aims to serve. When the Augustinian monk of Wittenberg had succeeded in arousing among his countrymen the spirit of true Christian devotion, there began to manifest itself such a decided reformatory tendency in the Church of the sixteenth century, that Rome, in her corruption, trembled for her own safety and the perpetuity of the papal power, then in the hands of that Medicean prince, Leo X. In this dire hour of Romish need, Ignatius Loyola came forward with a small band of unquestioning followers to bolster up the tottering walls of the western hierarchy. And as he began, so his successors continued. Wherever and whenever the papacy needed support, the Society of Jesus was ready to lend the helping hand. An apostate from such ranks is not to

be thought of. And yet in our enlightened days it needs not surprise if the glorious light of liberty shall throw its brilliant rays even into the darkened spheres of the Jesuits, and reveal to some of its benighted members the Gospel's true story. A few months ago "Father Curci," one of the most accomplished and powerful preachers in Italy, of the order of the Jesuits, with which he has been connected since 1826, has felt obliged to withdraw from the society, because he can not indorse the Ultramontanists in their support of the papal pretensions to temporal power, and favors an amicable relation to the popular government of Italy. At last accounts Father Curci was at Florence, busy in the preparation of a statement of the recent events which have led to his separation from the Jesuits. It is more than likely that we shall get a chapter or two of revelations such as Rome would prefer to remain untold. Father Curci was one of the most distinguished ornaments of his order, and probably his intimacy at the Vatican will have afforded him avenues of information closed to non-Jesuits. Let him turn on the light.

**BIBLE REVISION.**—The English Committee on the New Testament are now revising that portion of the Scriptures for the second time. Their special work is to consider the suggestions of the American Committee's first revision. The order is as follows: The English Committee complete the New Testament, and send their work across the Atlantic. The American Committee go over the work, considering the English corrections, and making such others as they approve. The work then reverts to England, and afterwards again to America. If the two committees fail to agree on any point, the American departures will be noted in an appendix. The work on the Old Testament is not so far along. The English Committee has gone two-thirds through the Hebrew Bible, and the American Committee about one-third. The American is always working on the text as revised by the English. Dr. Schaff thinks the work will be completed in three or four years more. Intimations are; that the committees on both sides of the sea are quite conservative in the matter of departures from the version of King James.

**MISCELLANEA.**—The "Colored Methodist Episcopal Church," an organization dating

only from the rebellion, is among the most prosperous of ecclesiastical organisms in the South. It has now four bishops, six hundred traveling ministers, five hundred and eighty-two local preachers, and a membership of nearly one hundred thousand. Its leading bishop, Lane, is a native of Tennessee—just forty-three years old—and only out of bondage since the emancipation of the blacks. He never had the opportunity of attending school a day in his life; yet, despite this lack of early educational advantages, has acquired much culture, exhibits remarkable administrative abilities, and as a preacher is making a great name for himself. He is rather a tall man, carries himself erect, and reveals in his general appearance a preponderance of Anglo-Saxon blood.

—How *Romanism* is spreading its wings in the United States of America may be best gleaned from a comparison of the statistics of its educational status within the last seventy years. The beginning of our century found the Romanists supporting two theological seminaries; a quarter of a century ago they

maintained seventeen colleges, twenty-nine ecclesiastical schools, and four hundred female academies; and—at the close of 1877 they report under their care eighteen theological seminaries with nearly thirteen hundred students—even more than double the number that we Methodists can boast—and colleges and academies too numerous to mention. But what is worse, these innumerable schools are very largely maintained by the patronage of Protestants. We may wake up too late to grapple with the growing monster.

—The editor of the *Southern Methodist Quarterly Review*, Albert T. Bledsoe, LL. D., is dead. He was born in Kentucky, in 1808; was a graduate of West Point, resigning his position in the army in 1832. He was subsequently professor, lawyer, Assistant Secretary of War of the Confederacy; then a Southern Methodist minister, but figured principally as the editor of the *Southern Review* many years, and was a strong thinker.

—The Reformed Episcopal Church is growing slowly. It now has seventy-eight ministers, of whom five are bishops.

### CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

**PSALMANAZAR DE FORMOSA.**—At the opening of the last century a mysterious personage made his *début* at Paris, and created no inconsiderable sensation. He was reputed to come from further East Asia; from the then but little known isle of Formosa, and confessed himself a convert to Christianity. He was a fine-looking young fellow of about thirty, dressed in the romantic garb of Oriental fashion, and spoke the French fluently. This accomplishment was so markedly surprising that he explained it by his intimate association for many years with a French sea captain, who had been shipwrecked on the coast of Formosa. He called himself Psalmanazar, Prince of Formosa, and affected a peculiar diet and dress. His fairy-like sounding tales were generally believed, and he was generously supported by all upon whom he chose to make drafts. He was baptized with pompous ceremony, the most distinguished and aristocratic of the Parisians assisting as godfathers, and he was given rich and costly presents on this

occasion, as an assurance that his apostasy from heathenism was appreciated. Then he made for himself a literary reputation. He published a detailed history and description of his native isle. He treated at length of the strange customs and habits of his heathenish countrymen, and appended a grammar and lexicon of the Formosan tongue; also a map of the isle, and illustrations of temples, idols, public buildings, and other curiosities. This work was translated into several languages. When he felt that he was approaching the grave, he was overtaken by conscientious scruples, and published his *Memoirs* revealing the great fraud he had practiced on the world. He now told that he was by birth a French nobleman; had never left the boundaries of his country, and all that he had written and told of Formosa had only been the wild conceptions of his phantasy. We can imagine how the French savants must have felt, who were busy seeking a philological connection between the Formosan and other tongues!



**ORIGIN OF SOME WORDS.**—The word *grog* has a most curious history, if we follow Dr. Worcester, who, writing to the *Notes and Queries* of London, says of it: "Old Admiral Vernon, in 1739, first introduced rum and water as a beverage on board his ship. In foul weather, he used to wear a grogram cloak, which gained for him the appellation of 'Old Grog.' From him the sailors transferred this name to the liquor." The word "grogram" was a coarse *camlet*, a rough woolen cloth (*gros-grain*, or *grossa grana*), used for cloaks.

The words *chapel* and *chaplain* came into the English from the Spanish *capa*, meaning hood (as our word *cap* from the same prototype, *caput*, a head). Long ago "the hood of St. Martin" was valued as a relic possessing miraculous powers. Charlemagne was accustomed to carry it with him into the field, and kept it by itself in a tent, which, from this relic, was called *capella*, while the officer who guarded it was called *capellanus*. Hence the the word *chapel*, and *chaplain*, applied to places of worship and those who administer worship, without a fixed and permanent consecration.

The much-abused *spinster*—according to De Vere—derives her name from the legal fiction which presumes all elderly unmarried women to *spin*, as well as all good *wives* to *weave*—the words *weave*, *woof*, and *wife* all coming from the same common ancestor.

Nowadays when there is so much talk about "the silver dollar," it may not be amiss to call the attention of our readers to the origin of the word *dollar*. It is derived from the German *thal*, which means *valley*. The little town of Joachimsthal (valley of Joachim), in the heart of Bohemia, was the place in which the Counts of Schlick, from the year 1517 to 1526, coined pieces of about one ounce weight, and worth about one hundred and thirteen cents of our money. They were known in use as *Joachims-thaler*. This word was afterwards reduced to *thaler*, and still later became Anglicized into *dollar*.

More curious still are the names of places in this country which are so meaningless in their application, except as showing where the settlers of old towns in New England came from, like Chester and others. There are many Nottinghams; but those who date their letters in those towns do it without consciousness that they are noting the fact that the re-

spected ancestors of some of us were troglodytes and lived in caves. Snotinegaham, the original name of Nottingham in England, signified "the home of the dwellers in caves;" and antiquarian examinations have found traces of the residences of these cave dwellers. Such are a few of the curious transformations to which words and names were subject, while as yet people were unable to read. The sound changed the orthography, and thus nearly every trace of the original disappeared in the course of time. If the world were in like condition now, with no printed books and newspapers to preserve the correct spelling, what work might be made, even with prominent names. Fel-del-ly would hardly be recognized by the founder, could he return. Bawlt-mer would be a puzzle to Lord Baltimore. Two other leading cities, when mentioned together, seem to have in the sound of their names, a distinction as to age, namely—New York and Newer Leans—though the latter loses a syllable in the second word to the enrichment of the first.

**OUR MEASURE AND WEIGHT.**—A writer in the *Saturday Review* traces the use of the foot and pound, and, following Mr. Chisholm, rejects the old theory that we are indebted for them to the Romans. While it is undoubtedly true that we derived both the foot and the pound from Italy, we can go back to a much remoter antiquity to trace their use. The Babylonians or Chaldeans used both the cubit and the foot as units of length. These were subsequently adopted by the Egyptians, who introduced considerable variety, so that there is no little confusion between the different kinds of cubits and feet. The natural cubit, of about eighteen inches, and the foot, which was two-thirds of this length, were transferred to Greece, and, the cubit having fallen into disuse, the foot became the ordinary standard of the Romans. At the same time the double cubit, which was equivalent to three feet, would appear to have survived in the form of the ell of mediæval Europe, and in our yard. As all these measures were originally derived from the proportions of the human body, some caution is necessary in referring their origin, though perhaps as old as history, to remote antiquity rather than directly to the length of the fore-arm or of the foot.

It must be admitted, however, that the coincidence of length among all civilized nations is very striking. The derivation of the pound weight is more complicated. The earlier Tower pound appears to have been of Roman origin, being presumably identical with the Greek-Asiatic mina, while the hundred-weight corresponded to the talent or weight of a cubic foot of water. Subsequently the Troy pound was substituted, and, for commercial transactions, the pound avoirdupois, from the old French pound of sixteen ounces.

SINCE 1845 the British Museum has possessed a specimen of what Shakespeare meant by Hamlet's *tables*, in which he was to set down "that one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;" but until now, we believe, attention has not been called to the interesting little oblong

memorandum-book, in its well-worn stamped brown leather cover, from which the original gilt has been nearly all worn off, and which is fastened by a couple of clasps at its free, outer edge. The book is about two and a half inches by four; dated 1581, and is entitled, *Writing Tables*, etc., etc. It contains some six leaves of thick ass's skin, on which memoranda can be written, and then rubbed out with a wet handkerchief; and with these are several leaves of blank paper, with others of printed prayers, tables of roads and distances from and to the chief cities—like those at the end of Harrison's Description of Britain—and a short *History of Annals of England*, incomplete in the Museum copy, and another which is now in the hands of Mr. George Bullen, the deputy-keeper of the printed books in the Museum.

## LITERATURE.

ASTRONOMY is one of the sciences that has had a remarkable growth within the last few years; and it is also among those whose learned intricacies have been explained and rendered into popular language, for the benefit of non-professional readers. But the book that shall set forth the doing of this is no longer a primer of moderate extent, but a portly and closely compacted volume. Such a one we have now in hand—by a most competent hand; Professor Newcomb, of the Naval Observatory—elegantly printed and illustrated by the Harpers.\* Of its four PARTS, the first, occupying over a hundred pages, is made up of a history of the science including the discoveries of Newton and Kepler. PART SECOND (103-230) is devoted to "Practical Astronomy,"—the use of the telescope and other instruments used in making observations—with a chapter each on "The Motion of Light," and "The Spectroscope." PART THIRD (231-406) is devoted to the "Solar System,"—its general structure—the sun—the inner group of planets—the outer group of planets—comets and meteors. PART FOURTH

treats of the "Stellar Universe,"—the stars as seen—structure of the universe—the cosmogony. These regular parts are supplemented by ten valuable appendixes, and last of all, we have an addendum respecting the newly discovered satellites of Mars. It is a carefully compiled treatise, embodying the substance of astronomical science, in its present advanced status, in language that may, with the help of the glossary, be understood by any ordinarily intelligent reader. But, though justly styled "popular," it is still a book to be studied, and not simply sauntered through for idle pleasure.

DR. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, of the Tabernacle Congregationalist Church (New York), who has become favorably known to a much larger audience than that which he addresses from his pulpit, by his books on *Peter*, and *David*, and *Elijah*, has recently added still another to the series—*Daniel the Beloved*.\* As a subject for popular lectures, designed especially for young persons, the subject is not without its difficulties, both historically and exegetically,

\* POPULAR ASTRONOMY. By Simon Newcomb, LL D. Professor at United States Naval Observatory; with one hundred and twelve engravings, and five maps of stars. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 564.

\* DANIEL THE BELOVED. By Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D., author of "Peter the Apostle," "David, King of Israel," "Elijah the Prophet," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 245.

and yet these are so treated as to avoid most of them. It calls for a good share of learning, even in its simplest discussion and exposition, and this the accomplished author has readily at command, which he also seems to conceal while he displays its results. But his learning has not made him mad. He is a believer as well as a scholar, and he uses his scholarship to elucidate the truths that he teaches, and to commend them to others. For real searchers after the truth, this, as well as its predecessors from the same hand, is alike valuable and acceptable.

THE last issued of Professor Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare's plays is *Henry the Fifth*,\* in which may be found careful editing, with elegant printing, followed by a wealth of notes, critical and illustrative, that has seldom or never been excelled. For those who would read the great dramatist, not simply as a recreation, skimming the surface, but so as to enter fully into communion with his spirit, we know of nothing better than these admirably prepared little volumes. But as they are, each in itself is a *study* of its subject; so the subject must be studied, in order to be duly appreciated.

"THE testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy," and that testimony must be expected in the Church through the ages. It is the theme that can not weary nor become trite so long as the spirit of Christ remains in the Church; and discussions and illustrations of that theme must be perpetually renewed. We accordingly rejoice to see a little volume,\* just issued by our publishers, which presents some of the aspects of this subject with peculiar appropriateness. It is made up of five discourses, treating severally of—(1) The Testimony of Prophecy with regard to Jesus Christ; (2) The Testimony Christ has given of Himself, in His Words; (3) In His Life Among Men; (4) In His Inner, Spiritual Life; (5) The Testimony that the Christian Church has given of Christ. It is able, orthodox, and

\*SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY OF HENRY THE FIFTH. Edited, with notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M., formerly Head Master of the High School of Cambridge, Massachusetts, with engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 192.

\*A DEFENSE OF JESUS CHRIST. By Menard St. Martin. Translated from the French by Paul Cobden. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 18mo. Pp. 132.

highly spiritual!—good for the head and the heart.

Two generations of girls, of the best blood of Kentucky, now mothers and grandmothers, received their school training at Science Hill Female Academy, and have lived to bless the name of Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, who was truly an excellent as well as a wonderful woman. The survivors of these, and those to whom they have told the story of their school life, will rejoice that her autobiography, written with characteristic painstaking and fidelity, has been printed.\* It is truly a marvelous record, and highly honorable to its subject, at every point. Hers was indeed a life of entire consecration to her calling, into which she cast, with absolute unreserve, all the power and energy of her soul and body. Rarely endowed by nature and culture for the calling to which she devoted her life, she also brought to it the still higher and rarer qualities of deep religious convictions, and a most winning motherly affection. It is not at all strange, therefore, that she was loved with a unique affection, and that her memory is cherished by those who knew her. This volume is her fitting monument, raised while she yet survives; and perhaps few of those most interested would have it less, though for general use, its condensation would probably have doubled its sales.

AMONG the most successful, probably because of their real merits, of the many sets of cheap books of light reading, is D. Appleton & Company's "Collection of Foreign Authors." The professed aim of the series is "to give selections from the better current light literature of France, Germany, and other countries of the European continent." They are put up in 16mo. volumes, exceedingly well printed, and in paper covers. Seven volumes have appeared, namely: *Samuel Brohl and Company—Gerard's Marriage—Spirite, a Fantasy—The Tower of Percemont—Meta Holdenis—Romances of the East—and Renée and Franz*. They are all translations from the French, usually by authors of reputation, and exceedingly well rendered into English. As to their matter, they are simply entertaining, and within their

\*SIXTY YEARS IN A SCHOOL ROOM. An Autobiography of Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, Principal of Science Hill Academy; to which is prefixed an autobiographical sketch of Rev. John Tevis. Cincinnati: Western Methodist Book Concern. 8vo. Pp. 489.

design they seem to be decidedly successful—only pleasant stories, well told. The same house has also recently issued *The Sarcasm of Destiny; or, Nina's Experience*, by M. E. W. S. A duodecimo of three hundred and eighty-nine pages. It is an American story of the time of the Rebellion, with not exclusively American characters and scenes. Though well written, it does not seem to be either particularly agreeable or instructive.

OF HARPER'S "Library of Select Novels," the last issue (No. 601) is *An Open Verdict*—by Miss M. E. Braddon—8 vo. Paper covers. Pp. 169. Of their "Half Hour Series," we have (38) *The Earl of Chatham*, by Lord Macaulay. (39) *William Pitt*, by Lord Macaulay. (40) *Samuel Johnson*, by Lord Macaulay. (47) *Shepherds All, and Maidens Fair*, by Walter Besant and James Rice. (50) *Da Capo*, by Miss Thackeray.

STARKEY & PALEN (1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia) publish a brochure of one hun-

dred and forty pages, describing the physiological properties of oxygen, and giving some account of its use as a remedial agent. Beyond its relations as a business advertisement, it possesses a scientific and practical value that commends the treatise and its subject to public notice. We decidedly favor its theory; for with a liberal use of pure water, and pure atmospheric air (of which oxygen is the active ingredient), no doubt many of the "ills that flesh is heir to" might be prevented or cured.

HURD & HOUGHTON (now Houghton, Osgood & Co.) have added the *Poetical Works of Walter Scott* to their "Library of English Classics." The former nine volumes are compressed into five. The same house has added to the series of "Artist-Biographies" a compact and carefully prepared life of Rembrandt. Mr. Longfellow's "Poems of Places" is enriched by the most charming and thoroughly poetical volumn of the series—*Greece*. It is a censer filled with incense from the poets of all lands.

## EX CATHEDRA.

### PRESENT DEMANDS OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

THE cause of temperance is still, as always it should be while its opposite curse remains, engaging the thoughts of the American people. In respect to the greatness of the evil to be abated there is entire unanimity among all intelligent and right-minded people, while as to the best methods of combating the evil there is the widest divergency of opinion. Some are relying chiefly on the old-fashioned method of the personal voluntary pledge of total abstinence, which is certainly good for the individual, but as a measure for abating the prevalence of intemperance it has failed to accomplish all that has been hoped for. Another class have been strenuously demanding legislative action against the liquor traffic, and to reach that end the question has been carried into politics, and temperance advocates have come before the public as partisan politicians. But from this has grown up two highly undesirable results—the corruptions of party politics have found place in the councils of the friends of temperance, and our stat-

ute-books have become surfeited with laws against the liquor traffic that stand only as dead letters. There is still another class of temperance workers just now coming to the front who may or may not be total abstinent, and who are less solicitous for more stringent legislation than for the effectual enforcement of the laws already enacted; and however imperfect may be their positions and methods, they are evidently effecting purposes which all others have failed to reach. But these various divisions of the great temperance army, while they seem to be striving for the same purpose, are not in full accord, and, indeed, they sometimes appear to be fighting shy of each other, and not infrequently to be training their guns against each other's camp.

So formidable and so well compacted is the opposition with which the friends of temperance are called to contend, and by such strong interests is it impelled, that they can not afford to waste any of their forces that may be made available against the common enemy. The incompleteness of the success achieved by each of the classes we have named should ad-



monish them of the insufficiency of their methods and of their isolated efforts. Evidently no one of them can succeed alone, nor can any one of their methods become effective without the aid and co-operation of the others. The united and harmonious action of the whole seems to be the indispensable condition of success. It is time, therefore, that Ephraim should cease to vex Judah, and that Judah should no longer despise Ephraim; that good men alike interested in a good cause should adjust their little differences, and, respecting each other's opinions, should heartily join hands in the work so needful to be done, and yet beset with such formidable obstacles.

The arguments in favor of abstinence from intoxicating drinks are very plain and convincing, while any possible objection is very easily disposed of. It is conceded by the best medical authorities that alcohol is not needful, but rather injurious, to the human system in its normal and healthy conditions. Dr. Anstie, of London, in a little work on "Alcohol as Food," without insisting on total abstinence, has clearly shown that in any healthy subject between the ages of ten and sixty, the system does not require to be stimulated or quickened in its action, and that if so quickened there is necessarily a tendency to a morbid state, among whose symptoms is an ever-growing appetite for further and greater indulgences. And since no one can estimate the power of a deep-seated and depraved appetite over the will and the conscience and the entire manhood of the individual, so no one who knows himself and his own possibilities of being ruined, can consent to incur so fearful a risk for no good cause. The whole case is easily put in a few brief words. Abstinence costs no sacrifice; it is absolutely safe; any departure from it is more or less dangerous, and the danger so incurred is great beyond any possible estimate.

In all this we entirely waive the whole question about the digestibility or otherwise of alcohol; and we leave out of the account all that may be said on the one side about its being food, and on the other about its being poison. Nor do we touch the questions often discussed, about the wine of the Old and New Testament. Could all such questions be settled beyond possible dispute, it would very little affect that subject either way. It is very certain that through

the use of alcohol men become diseased, debauched, and ruined, both morally and bodily; and since that use is an unnecessary indulgence, it should be diligently and carefully avoided. This simple and indisputable argument is fearfully emphasized by the horrible scenes of ruin that intemperance is displaying on every hand,—the crimes, the wretchedness, and degradation that flow out of it over the face of society.

But waiving all thought of personal welfare and safety, and granting, if it could be so, that for himself a man were proof against the growth of appetite and the allurements to its indulgence, he still owes a duty to others that forbids him to use his own liberty to the ruining or the endangering of another. It is only too obvious that there are multitudes of men for whom the only refuge from drunkenness is in total abstinence, and of these a large share are persons distinguished for deficiency of will-power, and for lack of moral positiveness. Such persons are often good or bad, according to their surroundings and the character and tendencies of the stronger wills about them. Here is eminently an occasion for the exercise of that charity which calls for self-denial for the good of others. Even the Christian liberty of the individual must have its limitations; and surely in such a case as this, where the highest and most sacred interests for time and eternity of untold multitudes are involved, it is well to ask one's self whether the claims of charity do not rise above all other considerations.

But what may be done to abate the evils that grow up in such fearful luxuriance out of the temptations set for the morally weak and unwary to lead them into intemperance? We may plead with men to do themselves no harm, and to care for the well-being of those less stable than themselves. These things are among the good offices that men may render to each other in their private and social relations; but there are those who care for none of these things, and who for gain will remorselessly prey upon the best interests of their fellow-men. These are the enemies of the social body, and should be treated accordingly. Society owes it to its weakest members to protect them against those who seek their ruin, by restraining the wrongdoers of their liberty to harm them. Such are the promoters of the liquor traffic; and

because of the evil character and tendency of that trade, the right of society to suppress it, and the duty to do so wherever practicable, is obvious. The right and duty of "prohibition," as an abstract question, is too plain to be questioned; but unhappily this is not an abstract question, but one of stubborn facts and complicated possibilities. The conflagration that can not be extinguished, must, if possible, be kept within the narrowest limits, while it is permitted to burn on; and so, the evil that can not be suppressed, should be circumscribed and rendered, as nearly as possible, harmless. In all but two or three States of our nation, the moral power of society is manifestly unequal to the entire prohibition of the liquor trade; its limitation, more or less extensive, is all that is now practicable. To this single end, therefore, the whole available moral power of society should be directed, neither wasting any part of that force in desultory measures, nor yet so reaching after the unattainable, as to fail of every thing. This limitation is evidently most effectively accomplished by a stringent license law, steadily and rigidly enforced.

The objection sometimes heard against this course, as making society and the State a partaker of the sin of the liquor trade, though plausible, is manifestly fallacious. All such laws are in fact limitations and burdens imposed upon that trade, by which its natural freedom is taken away, and it is mulcted of the sums paid for licenses in some degree to compensate for the pecuniary damages it inflicts on society. Its utter suppression should be always desired, and, wherever at all practicable, that end should be striven for; but when, as in most places is found to be the case, that is impossible, then the next best thing is to hem it in as closely as we may, and lay upon it all possible burdens and disabilities.

In many of the States the statute-books are full of prohibitory or suppressive legislation against the liquor traffic; of whose existence no intelligent stranger would gain the most remote suspicion from what appears in most places. The friends of temperance have compelled reluctant politicians to enact laws against the traffic; but while the legislator has given his vote in favor of restriction, his conduct and moral influence have been all on the other side. The temperance people have also

been bold enough on election days, and in the political canvass, and at the temperance gatherings; but too many of them seem unwilling to look after the most difficult part of all the work,—the enforcement of the law against its violators; that is, the law-defying retailers. In one of our Eastern States, where, under a "local option law" the people decide by their votes, whether or not the liquor traffic shall be tolerated among them, we have known the popular vote to be strongly against the traffic, and its licensure forbidden; but the practical effect was only to remove all restrictions, and tacitly to say to all who desired to do so: "Sell liquor to your heart's content; you are free to do so, without formal leave, or the expense of a license." It is not further legislation that we need, but the moral force, that will give efficiency to the laws we already have, and the wisdom not to waste our forces in reaching after the unattainable, while a practicable and greatly needed work lies immediately before us. *The earnest, relentless, and persistent enforcement of existing laws against the liquor trade is for temperance workers, of whatever kind or class, THE SUPREME DEMAND OF THE HOUR.*

#### TAXATION OF CHURCHES.

THE subject of taxing church edifices is again brought to the attention of the American people, and this time in a more practical form, by movements towards its consummation, in some of our State Legislatures. Though it may be true that this movement is in some cases inspired by hostility to religion, yet that alone is not enough to account for the facts of the case; nor could that alone render the movement at all formidable. There seem, indeed, to be unusual difficulties in the way of rendering intelligible, to ordinary thinkers, any question that involves the principles of either social or political economy. We see this illustrated in the current discussions about the currency, and the tariff, where our most conscientious as well as our ablest citizens are arrayed on opposite sides. It needs, therefore, excite no surprise that on such a question as that of the exemption of churches from taxation the wisest and best are divided. "But because of certain wide-spread private interests on the side of exemption, there is but small cause to fear any change of the present usages. We have our own convictions on this subject,

which we are quite ready to avow at the outset; we hold that the prevailing practice of exempting houses of worship from taxation is both just and expedient, and, *per contra*, that the imposition of taxes upon that form of property would be at once unjust and inexpedient. And for this, our faith, we think we can give a reason.

We make no claim on the State or community, for any grant or contribution for the maintenance of religion; rather, we object to any thing of the kind, as undesirable and dangerous to religion itself. It is the accepted policy of the country, in all cases, to remit the care of religion to private benevolence. Our demand for the proposed exemption is not based on any claims that religion may have upon people's favor, but rather that as social institutions, and elements in our civilization, the Churches are entitled to such favor, and, also on the obvious and accepted laws of political economy.

Taxation is, primarily, a sharing of the proceeds of either labor or capital, between the State and the individual laborer or capitalist. But in the case of Church property there are no proceeds, and therefore nothing to be shared with the State. This condition of fixed and recognized non-productiveness is an important factor in the problem under discussion; and though it might not be accepted as alone sufficient to determine that question, it should never be omitted from its estimates. If we add to that the further element of public utility, we shall have all that may be required for the determination of the case in favor of the prevailing usage.

Under this classification of objects will be found statues and monuments owned by individuals or associations, but set up in public places. Also, fountains, parks, free galleries and libraries, in short, all matters of public utility, convenience, or taste, belonging to private parties, but devoted, without profit to the owners, to the pleasure of any who may choose to use them.

In European cities, and, to some extent, in this country, there are statues and monuments of untold cost, owned by individuals or private corporations, standing in public places; and it is believed that the public is profited by them. So there are galleries of paintings and statuary, museums and reading rooms to which

the public are admitted either without charge, or for only a nominal sum, which goes to pay for the necessary current expenses of the place, the proprietors receiving nothing in return for the original outlay. And yet, so far as we know, all these, whose aggregate costs amount to untold sums, are untaxed, because they are a public benefit, and at the same time they bring no pecuniary compensation to their owners.

The great parks, squares, and esplanades owned by our cities, are, as to the States in which they are severally situated, private property, and were they to be subjected to the ordinary laws of impost, they must all be made to bear their share, according to their estimated values, of the State tax; and yet it is not to be suspected that any body would wish to see them compelled to do this.

Now it is obvious that churches belong to the same category with the things above enumerated. They are structures designed for the public convenience, or pleasure, or taste; and they are, as property or capital, entirely unproductive. If it shall be objected that a portion of the people make no use of them, and, therefore, they should not be favored by exemptions, the same objection is equally good against the other articles referred to; for in any community there are multitudes who never enter a gallery, or reading room, or public park, or care to look upon a statue or monument. When, therefore, the churches shall be subjected to taxation, because they are the property of private corporations, the Central Park, and Fairmount, and the Boston Common must all pay their *pro rata* of their several State taxes; and Bunker's Hill, and the Washington Monument at Baltimore, and the Fountain in Cincinnati, and the Douglas Monument at Chicago, must all respond to the annual calls of the tax collectors, or come under the auctioneer's hammer.

The argument in favor of thus indirectly aiding churches, by exemptions, because of their utility in the civil and social community, is not to be disregarded. It can hardly be questioned by any, that they contribute to the quiet and well-being of society. They are also effective educational agencies, and in not a few cases they are among the noblest and best public ornaments of their several localities. They who bestow their money for the

erection of churches, are, in a secular and social sense, public benefactors, who deserve the perpetual thanks of the community, rather than that they should be annually mulcted of further amounts, for having bestowed a favor on the public.

In the building and maintaining of houses of worship, there is no withdrawal of property from public imposts. No town or neighborhood is made the poorer, in its taxable property, because of the erection of a church within its limits; usually the fact is quite the contrary. Civilization is advanced and rendered permanent by almost every form of fixed and abiding structures; and wherever these are designed for the use of the public—whether for profit or pleasure—and especially so, if they yield no revenue to their founders, it would seem to be equally ungenerous and inexpedient to impose a tax upon a permanent loan to the public. From such a compound of madness and meanness, it may be hoped that the good sense of the people will save them.

#### THE STATE AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

SOMEWHAT akin to the above subject is another one just now attracting a share of public attention, to wit: The promotion of higher education at the public expense. Two classes of persons are found rather strangely united in opposition to this practice; those who would have all education under Church influences, and those who, esteeming education chiefly a benefit conferred on the individual, object to giving to any beyond the least that may be attained to or enjoyed by every one. But to our seeming, both of these classes of objectors mistake the subject. We are in full accord with those who assert the desirableness of mingling the religious element with the discipline and the scholarly atmosphere of our colleges and academies; and we think it better that, instead of owning and managing such institutions, at least in most cases, the State should extend pecuniary aid to Church institutions, in return for which it should have a visitatorial oversight of all so favored. Both the practicability and the expediency of this policy has been abundantly shown by experience.

The other objection arises in an entire misapprehension of the chief end and result of education, in its relation to the general com-

munity. The outlay of public funds for the promotion of education should never be looked upon as in any sense alms. Were it so, then the whole system of free schools would be a double abuse; first, because it would be the taking of one man's money, without his consent, to procure favors for the children of other people, who ought, instead, to provide for their own families; and, second, because it is a wrong done to any child to teach him to depend upon alms, when it is possible for him to live without them. On the contrary, the theory of the promotion of education at the public expense, proceeds upon the presumption, that, for her own perpetuated welfare, the State should care for the proper instruction of those into whose hands all its interests must soon be committed. It is assumed, that for the proper discharge of the responsibilities of private citizens all should possess at least the rudiments of a plain education, and such a vital necessity of the State should be provided and paid for out of the public funds. But merely elementary education is not all that is requisite. The welfare of society requires the presence and influence of the higher forms of learning, as really as of the lower. A Republic like our own, beyond all other forms of government, depends, for its stability, on the enlightenment of its citizens, and for that end it should make all needful provision. It may further be said, that no people ever attained to a high stage of culture, where the State neglected to give its patronage to advanced learning. That culture of the community upon which its best interests depend, requires not only that all its citizens should enjoy the elements of an education, but also that there shall be a sufficiently large number of those more thoroughly taught in the higher forms of learning.

We do not reckon the sums expended upon our schools at West Point and Annapolis as gifts bestowed upon the cadets in those institutions; but as outlays in advance for the defense of the nation. So our schools of all grades are training up the future citizens of the commonwealth, that they may be able to meet their high responsibilities; and since higher education is as valuable and as necessary to the welfare of the State as the lower, it should be cared for with equal assiduity, and paid for with the same liberality.